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THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

SKETCHED AT THE PALACE OF FRIEDRICHSKRON, POTSDAM, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

We have heard a good deal, and not very much to its credit, of "How History is written," but we have only lately been informed how this is done in China. I once heard a clergyman in the pulpit dilate upon the evils of poverty, which he described as a very unpleasant and inconvenient thing; when he had quite done (as we all hoped) he added, as if struck with a new idea, "and all this, my dearly-beloved brethren, is still more true of abject poverty." Similarly, whatever may be said against history in the abstract is still more true of Chinese history. It is made up, we are told, of two equal parts: the first is composed by a commission of accomplished scholars, who give their views of what has been happening in the world, or so much of it as they can see from a Chinese standpoint; the second consists of the Emperor's view of the same affairs, which he has still fewer opportunities of observing. Moreover, the first account of matters is subject to the influence of what to the "commission of accomplished scholars" seems most likely to be the Emperor's views. "Historical candour, therefore," says our informant, "can scarcely find a place in reference to nations, or persons, who have been in conflict with the Court." This is really the most delightful state of things (for the Emperor) that has ever fallen to the lot of a human being. I have never envied anyone connected with literature so much. There is a foolish song, written by a wise poet, which ascribes the greatest amount of power to two potentates, who of late years have been at rather low water. "Oh, if I were King of France, or, what is better, Pope of Rome, &c." A better-informed bard would now, perhaps, sing, "Oh, if I were Chancellor B., or, still better, Mr. G."; but, for my part, I bow the knee to the Emperor of China. Think of writing history (he dictates it, but that's a detail) out of one's own head, and according to one's own taste and fancy! I suppose, as in the *Annual Register*, there is a department headed "Literature," where I should exceedingly like to say a word or two. I would see that the natives of the Flowery Land ("largest circulation in the world") came to the right shop (or, at least, to the right author) for books. The idea of the opportunities (for good) in the hand of his Celestial Majesty positively takes my breath away. The potentate I used to envy most was Louis XIV., who had the privilege, after he had taken up his hand of cards, of selecting what should be trumps. But what is winning a rubber at whist (eight points at most) compared with the power of conferring an immortality of fame—or, to put it more plainly, of recommending a work of fiction, which, thanks to the loyalty of a literary nation (and a liberal use of the bastinado), would have all the force of a command?

Some person in whom the gift of originality is not conspicuous has been perpetrating the Berners-street hoax upon an unfortunate fellow-creature in Dublin. I confess I have little sympathy with this form of humour, which causes great trouble and expense to other people besides the object of its pleasantry. Anyone who can write a letter can give orders to tradesmen to call at somebody else's house with goods that are not wanted; this is only a variety of that "horse-play" in which the "rough" indulges, only with more malice and meanness in it. In this case a number of coffins were ordered for a gentleman who was not dead, nor had any immediate intention of dying. When this fool's trick is perpetrated by a knave, there is sometimes something (to persons who are not so seriously minded as they ought to be) really humorous about it; and it has the merit at least of having an object. In Melbourne the other day, that respectable class of the community whose motto is "Feelings of relatives consulted, and a gravelly soil!" were sadly taken in. A young gentleman in deep mourning, and much overcome with emotion, called at all the principal undertakers, and ordered a coffin "with fittings"—"with trimmings" were it not connected with conviviality would be the more appropriate phrase—for his deceased uncle; no expense was to be spared, whether for satin or silver. It was to be a ready-money transaction, and in each case a cheque was given far in excess of the modest estimate of the undertaker, who paid the balance very readily. The memory of the young man's relative was honoured in a manner which happens to few of us, but not the cheques. The only satisfaction to the undertakers (if it was a satisfaction) was the discovery that the prosperous gentleman for whom they had been working so assiduously, and who was well known to them by name, was alive and well.

A recent trial, in connection with the expulsion of a boy from school, opens up the question of juvenile delinquency among the upper classes. The frequency of theft at Haileybury, as revealed during the late investigation, is simply amazing. In most of our public schools such a crime, though by no means unknown, is rare. It stands, though it should not perhaps do so, at the head of school offences, as murder does in those of adults. Drunkenness comes next, and then habitual lying. For all these offences, because the black sheep who practise them taint the flock, expulsion does not seem too severe a punishment. Unfortunately, boys are sometimes, if not expelled, sent away, or "recommended to be withdrawn," for much more venial crimes—such as smoking, for example; while some overgrown brute, who is a notorious bully, continues with impunity to make scores of young lives miserable. Of course, there is no such thing as an innocent boy—one might just as well talk of a smooth hedgehog—but I have known several comparatively harmless lads sent away from school, while some moral pests were allowed to remain there because they did not interfere with "discipline," or, in other words, give trouble to the authorities. There is morality and there is schoolmasters' morality, just as there is soup and tinned soup. The consequence of this is that the mere fact of a boy's being sent away from school is, except in "educational circles," not thought very much of. The consequences of it, naturally enough, are made the most of by

the fears of parents, which it is the interests of pedagogues to magnify; but I am not aware that they are very serious. If a boy is really a "bad lot," his blackguardism will crop up soon enough after he has been evicted, wherever he is; but if he has been sent away for a premature devotion to tobacco, for example, the matter (as it should do) soon blows over.

The boy is not so much the father of the man (thank Heaven!) as the poet supposes. At the university it is different; the character is then more formed, and when a young gentleman there goes wrong, there is much less chance of his recovery. I am far from wishing to weaken the hands of school authority, but to attach great importance to the escapades of a scapegrace schoolboy—provided they are not crimes, or significant of a cruel disposition—shows an ignorance of human nature, as well as of the manner in which our educational system is conducted. Moreover, it should be remembered that to some boys of exceptional, but not necessarily worthless, natures, the restraints of school (and even its amusements) are very irksome. Lord Camelford (not a good specimen of a grown-up scapegrace, however, it must be confessed) was once lamenting to Sir Francis Burdett and Horne Tooke how he had thrown his chances in life away. "I began it," he said, "by running away from the Charterhouse." "Oh, as to that," observed Sir Francis, "I ran away from Westminster." "Well, if we are to be at confession," exclaimed Horne Tooke, "I, also, ran away from Eton."

It is not usual for clergymen to complain of the eagerness of the public to read their sermons—a demand which naturally creates the supply; but the Bishop of Peterborough is an exceptional preacher, and his case seems a hard one. I don't myself see why what a man preaches, if he intends it to go no farther than his congregation, should not be his own as much as what he writes. Where would be the trade of the lecturer, if his lecture were transferred to the columns of the next morning's paper? I don't lecture myself (nor give occasion for being lectured), but I did on one occasion preach a sermon—not (I am thankful to say) reported—and I can feel for the divines. An extempore preacher must often say things in the pulpit—not in what we call "the heat of the moment," of course: far from it, but in the perfervidness of the heart—which he had much rather not see in print. In nine cases out of ten, nobody wants to publish such discourses; but it would be a pity if the practice of reporting them should prevent the exercise of the gift where it really exists. Read sermons are, after all, like read speeches: there is a want of fire and force about them. That religious Monarch Charles II. was so moved by this disadvantage that he issued an ordinance against them. "Whereas his Majesty is informed [it seems he did not go to church himself] that the supine and slothful practice of reading sermons is general, he commands it to be wholly laid aside, and that preachers deliver their sermons, both in Latin and English, *by memory and without book.*" The poet Cowper is very severe upon—

The things that mount the pulpit with a skip,
And then skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry, "Hem!" and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And, with a well-bred whisper, close the scene.

But Cowper liked good measure in sermons, and was not alarmed, when sitting under an extempore divine, as some of us are, lest he should "go on," like Lord Tennyson's brook, "for ever." There are arguments to be urged on both sides: in the one practice the congregation is apt to suffer, in the other the clergyman. The saddest story of the latter kind is, perhaps, of the reading divine, who, conscious of small gifts of composition, got some sermons from a friend, an able but unknown metropolitan preacher. He was thus assured of the doctrine of his discourses, and also that his congregation would not recognise them, as sometimes happens even with bought MSS. All went well until he came to the final passage of the first sermon, when he rather astonished his congregation: "And now, my beloved brethren, I hope that I shall never see your faces in this place again." He had forgotten that his friend was a jail chaplain.

Even the decease of an eminent personage is used as an opportunity by those who delight in detraction for saying something unpleasant, under the pretence of eulogising the departed, about somebody or something else. The death of M. Zukertort, one of the finest of our chessplayers, and at one time our first, has been used as a text for preaching the superiority of chess to whist. M. Zukertort, who was himself but a moderately good whistplayer, would have certainly deprecated it. Comparison between the two games is not only odious but scarcely possible. The one has the solemnity of the epic and the solitariness of the recluse (or the jack-snipe); the other is full of harmonies (with now and then, it must be confessed, a discord: a man who *will* not return your lead in trumps) and sympathetic thrills. No man is so wise as a chessplayer looks; nor, I may add, so venerable. Even a young man who devotes himself to this pursuit soon ages; one sees, not the daisies but the lichen growing over him. A chess tournament—a ridiculous name (except that there are knights in it) for a proceeding in which a "move" is made about once in two hours—resembles nothing else in creation; the competitors look like wicked enchanters who have been changed into stone, or good ones who have just been let out of a stone after an unjust confinement of a thousand years or so. The lack of sound and motion is appalling. There is not even a gesture. I have known one professional chessplayer who "posed"—clasped his forehead and gazed not at the board but at the ceiling (as your whistplayer often does)—as though invoking celestial aid; and the contempt with which he was regarded by his brethren, who also beat him, was something sublime. Chessplayers are too seriously impressed with the importance of their occupation to play such tricks. But to extol it at the expense of whist is absurd indeed. One contributor to this controversy even goes so far as to say that chess is a more "sociable" game than whist: his address is not given, but it

is probably Colney Hatch. Another says that it is more intellectual. Edgar Poe, who knew something of comparative mental merit, has decided otherwise. "The best chessplayer in Christendom," he says, "may be little more than the best player at chess; but proficiency in whist implies capacity for success in all those undertakings where mind struggles with mind." This last statement is not quite true; but it errs, so to speak, on the right side.

Although the Army is said to be a "poor profession" so far as money-making goes, there are prizes in it, and not only for the Generals. I read that a Major in the Artillery has been given £25,000, as a gratuity, with a retaining fee of £1000 a year for ten years, for his "position-finder." The nature of this instrument is unknown to me, but it sounds worth all the money. There are so many people whose position is doubtful, and about whom other people would like to be informed; and again, so many who are striving and struggling for a position, and never seem, after all their expenditure of pains and cash, to be certain of having acquired it. What a comfort it will be to have some accurate and scientific test of where we really are in Society! The Lord Chamberlain is thought highly of as an authority in these matters, and also the College of Heralds; but the former only concerns himself with people who go to Court, and the latter is tedious in its process. The "position-finder" can be applied, it is said, to other than great guns, and is prompt in action. Imagine a graduated scale, with county families, landed gentry, gentleman-farmers, &c., for the country; and aristocracy, smart people, professionals, genteel traders, &c., for the town, and the Major's admirable little machine (with a click, perhaps, like a cigar-cutter) finding the exact niche to fit you in half a minute!

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the infant Prince and Princess of Battenberg, arrived at Windsor Castle on the morning of June 21 from Balmoral. Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein visited her Majesty, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein returned to Cumberland Lodge. The Queen drove out accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales arrived at the castle. On June 22 the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princesses Louise and Victoria of Wales; and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg drove with Princess Maud of Wales. The Bishop of Wakefield arrived on June 23, and was introduced to the Queen's presence by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord-in-Waiting, and did homage. The Very Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D., Dean of Llandaff, Deputy Clerk of the Closet, was in attendance. The Right Hon. Henry Matthews, M.P., was also in attendance as Secretary of State for the Home Department. Princess Beatrice was present with her Majesty during the ceremony. The Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, drove to Frogmore in the afternoon; and her Majesty afterwards drove out, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise of Wales. The Queen drove to Frogmore on Sunday morning, June 24, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and attended Divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. Her Highness Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and some of the Royal household joined her Majesty there. The Dean of Windsor officiated. Divine service was afterwards performed by the Dean of Windsor in the private chapel at the castle. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg went to London and attended the Divine service performed in memory of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, at the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, in company with other members of the Royal family; and afterwards visited Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, at Kensington Palace. The Dean of Windsor and Major-General Sir Howard Elphinstone had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. The German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, arrived at Windsor Castle on June 25, and had an audience of the Queen. Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales took leave of her Majesty and left the castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales drove at noon on Saturday, June 23, to Potsdam, to lunch with the Emperor and Empress. On Sunday morning, June 24, their Royal Highnesses attended service in the English church at Berlin, where the Rev. R. Eaves preached a special funeral sermon. The Prince and Princess, and Prince Albert Victor of Wales, went to Potsdam at one o'clock to take leave of the Empress Victoria and the Emperor and Empress William. Their Royal Highnesses remained at the castle for several hours, and returned shortly before five o'clock to the Embassy at Berlin, where they dined with Sir Edward and Lady Ermytrude Malet. Subsequently the Prince and Princess and their son, accompanied by the British Ambassador and Lady Malet, and the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, drove in an open carriage to the Friedrichsstrasse Station, cordially cheered the whole way by the crowds assembled in the streets. On Monday evening, June 25, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Dover from Calais, and proceeded by special South-Eastern Railway train to London. Next day the Prince visited the King of the Belgians at the Hôtel Métropole, and his Majesty subsequently visited his Royal Highness and the Princess at Marlborough House. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) visited their Royal Highnesses. The Prince left Marlborough House in the afternoon on a visit to the Queen at Windsor. Prince Albert Victor returned to York.

The Bishop of Oxford has resigned the bishopric owing to continued ill-health, and his resignation has been accepted. Dr. Mackarness is sixty-eight years of age.

The Encænna, the chief event of the commemoration proceedings at Oxford, took place on June 20 in the Sheldonian Theatre, which was crowded to overflowing. The scene, however, was not so brilliant as usual, as the majority of the ladies were mourning in consequence of the death of the Emperor Frederick. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred on the following persons:—The Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Brassey, Sir James Hannen, Signor Ruggiero Bonghi (member of the Italian Parliament, late Minister of Public Instruction and Professor of Ancient History at Rome), the Rev. James Martineau, D.D., and Mr. William Edward H. Lecky. Professor Prestwich, who was to have received the degree, was unable to be present, in consequence of illness. The prize compositions were afterwards recited. In the afternoon the Masonic Fête was given in Wadham Gardens, and in the evening the Masonic Ball was held in the city buildings.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree appears to be lucky with his trial matinees. By this half-hearted method of backing his own opinion, now so common with managers of the first moment, he found "Jim, the Penman;" and, according to all accounts, he has discovered a second "Jim, the Penman," in "Captain Swift." We do not say that so astute a gentleman as the Haymarket manager condescends to the indignity of what facetious Americans call "trying it on the dog." He does not summon his friends to the Haymarket on a sultry June afternoon in order to get rid of an importunate client, or to stave off a worrying dramatist. It would be an easy way, indeed, to clear the managerial cupboard to produce hopeless plays at ambitious morning performances in order to prove that which before was self-evident. Playwrights are importunate and, sometimes, very obstinate people, and with inconsistent foolishness they often demand a production when, in reality, they would be far better off by quietly biding their time. In "Captain Swift" the young author, Mr. C. Haddon Chambers, has certainly something to say, and he says it very fairly well; but he will have to correct one or two transparent blunders before the new drama of coincidence takes the proud place of "The Pompadour" on these classic boards. The coincidence suggested by Mr. Chambers runs somewhat wild, and occasionally takes the breath away. To begin with, it is an extraordinary coincidence that an apparently excellent, well-conducted, and highly virtuous married lady, with a good husband and grown-up children, should find her long-lost, and apparently long-forgotten, illegitimate son in a neatly set-up and well-looking young gentleman of the highest fashion, who by accident pulls her short-sighted spouse from under the wheels of a London cab that has run over him. It is a strange circumstance that a man who received his education anyhow, was put out to nurse, escaped to Australia and became bushranger, blackguard, horse-stealer, and outcast, should be able, without the slightest difficulty, to pose in London drawing-rooms with an air and an elegance that suggest a public school training, an Oxford education, a Continental polishing, and a formed manner of Downing-street. It is a staggering coincidence that the only two men who could possibly identify the modern D'Orsay with the colonial Swift are a friend of the family, who arrives from Australia in the very nick of time, and an old confidential butler, who was not only the foster-brother of Swift in his illegitimate retirement, but whose brother was his close companion in all his bushranging expeditions. It is almost incomprehensible that the bushranger's mother should be compelled to declare her tender relationship simply because Captain Swift has fallen in love with her niece, who is too devoted to him to make any awkward inquiries; and it is the strangest circumstance in the world that, once the police are on Swift's track, he changes, for no purpose in the world, from a polished gentleman into a ragged, downcast, down-at-heel, and irredeemable blackguard. Still, for all that, the new play is unquestionably interesting. The action is bright and vivid; the scenes are well composed. And, to tell the honest truth, there were hearts in the audience so sensitive that they were touched with the scene between mother and son and the death-scene of this picturesque adventurer. It was a curious revelation. Ladies came out of the stalls with their eyes streaming with tears, whilst their companions were not only unmoved, but actually laughing. For the majority, we do not believe that "Captain Swift" will ever be found a moving play, and now-a-days, in a mercantile sense, it is all the better for that; but it contains a pulse of strong, excitable interest.

The first of the difficulties pointed out to Mr. Chambers can very easily be removed. There must be some stronger relationship than that of niece between the charming girl who loves the bushranger and the mother who has found her son and unlocked the buried casket of her shame. The girl, if she cannot conveniently be the lady's legitimate daughter, might well be the short-sighted old gentleman's daughter by a former marriage. A father would necessarily hesitate before he gave his child to an adventurer without credentials or name, and the inquiry of the husband would betray the hidden secret of the wife. Or if Mr. Haddon Chambers desires to add another alarming incident to his curious chapter of coincidences, why not allow the Captain's fiancée to be the illegitimate child of the husband, in order to enable her to pair off with the illegitimate child of the wife? Thus two secrets would be unburied instead of one, and poetical justice would be done all round. And then, again, the last act wants looking to. It is conceded, apparently, that Captain Swift must die; but he might do so in a more ingenious manner, though an æsthetic poet, who is invariably wrong in his judgment where stage plays are concerned, was heard to observe that this was the finest last act in all modern dramatic literature—a strong order, but one that the general public did not endorse. The acting was of a first-class character all round, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in one of the characters that suit him so much better than sentimental heroes and ragged poets, has never been seen to such advantage, for he has here just the fine vein of character that he delights in, and just as much sentiment as he can manage. This will develop into a really fine piece of acting, though the temporary indulgence of Mr. Tree in his Gringoes and Narcisses has made him occasionally inclined to "drag the time," as musicians have it. He is so careful of elaborating his detail that he is apt to become a little slow—the crying fault of all our best English acting. Lady Monckton played with charming effect and real tenderness as the harassed mother; and what could be better, in its way, than the acting of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as the lazily-languid and lovesick girl; of Mr. H. Kemble as the dear old gentleman; or of Mr. Macklin as the hearty, honest Australian. Other parts were well taken by Mr. Gillmore, a promising young actor, and by Miss Agnes Verity, an effusive ingénue. Mr. Pateman, as the revengeful butler, was admirable, however absurd and inconsequent the character he depicted.

Mr. Corney Grain has put aside "Mossoo in London" at the German Reed's entertainment probably before its time, and gives another of his clever sketches of modern society, called "Cards of Invitation." It is a most observant sketch of modern manners, clever in every satirical comment, and it is illustrated with the usual, but ever-welcome, imitations of part songs, banjos, mandolins, Neapolitan singers, and violoncellos. Mr. Malcolm Watson's comedieta, "Wanted, an Heir," goes better than ever, and Mr. Alfred Reed's jolly sketch of an English farmer would have done credit to the old days of Blanchard and Munden.

Amongst the most successful of the reciters of the day is Mr. Kirwan, who has run through a capital series at the Steinway Hall, composed of serious and humorous poems, and illustrated by appropriate music. Mr. Kirwan's country tour ought to be a very profitable and enjoyable one, for his heart is evidently in his work, and he has had considerable practice.

Mr. George R. Sims should be delighted to know that Miss Ellen Terry has immortalised his well-known character of "Mary Jane." The delightful Beatrice, the incomparable Portia, the dreamy Margaret, and the poetic Ellaline, has appeared in the homely garb of a domestic servant, whose only stage duty is to bring in a card on a salver, and show in an

amiable young gentleman. Miss Ellen Terry, as all the world knows, is full of frolic, so when the "Mummers' Club," of which an amateur society this esteemed lady is president, wanted a servant, why, Miss Terry rushed away from the Lyceum, divested herself of poetical garments, altered herself for the kitchen, and played the smallest part on record. The occasion was, however, of some importance, for Miss Ailsa Craig, the young and clever daughter of Miss Terry, made her first appearance as an amateur actress. She played in two little pieces—one from the French, called "A Secret," by Miss Constance Beerbohm, a sister of Mr. Beerbohm Tree; and one from the German, called "Wool-gathering," whose author, or authoress, adopts a somewhat transparent *nom-de-plume*, "A. Longridge." Miss Ailsa Craig has clearly inherited a love and a capacity for acting from her mother: her movements are graceful, her face is expressive, her voice is singularly penetrating. With a fund of bright spirits at her command, but well under control, the young lady has already more distinct qualification for the stage than nine-tenths of the ambitious aspirants who think and believe that actresses are made, not born. The exact contrary is the case. Miss Ailsa Craig is one more distinct example of the truth that what is "bred in the bone comes out in the flesh." The best actors and actresses, from all time, are those that sprang from an acting stock. That Miss Ailsa Craig will become an actress is an absolute certainty.

THE GREAT TURF SCANDAL.

A trial has been going on since Tuesday, June 19, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, before Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and a special jury, which has excited much public interest. It was an action for libel, brought by Mr. Charles Wood, a well-known jockey, against Mr. W. H. Cox, proprietor of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. The libel complained of was a paragraph which appeared in that journal on Nov. 25, containing these words: "How about the running of Success at Lewes and Alexandra Park, when Charley Wood nearly pulled his head off on each occasion?" The defendant pleaded, in justification, that this statement was true, and that he published it without malice. The injurious imputation which it conveyed was that Charles Wood, from dishonest motives, purposely rode his horse in such a manner as to lose in those races. The plaintiff's counsel were Sir Henry James, Q.C.; Mr. Lockwood, Q.C.; and Mr. Lyttelton. The defendant's counsel were Sir Charles Russell, Q.C.; Mr. C. Matthews, and Mr. Walton. The court was crowded with spectators, day after day. Among them were noted professional jockeys and trainers, members of the Jockey Club, and owners of race-horses; the latter including persons of high rank, the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Portland, the Duchess of Montrose, Lord March, Lord Cardross, Lord Elcho, the Hon. William Lambton, Sir Jacob Astley, General Owen Williams, the Hon. Mr. Fitzwilliam, and other patrons of the turf. Some of these Peers and ladies and gentlemen were accommodated with seats on the bench; others in the body of the court. Our Artist made a sketch of the scene on Friday, June 22, the third day of the trial. Without going minutely into the history of the affair, it is necessary to state that the horse Success, a two-year-old, owned by General Owen Williams, was beaten at Lewes races, on Nov. 4, by Primrose Boy; and at Alexandra Park races, on Nov. 12, by Whitethorn. On each of these occasions Success came in third, to the disappointment of his backers; but on Nov. 16, at Derby, he beat Tessie, which had gained the second place at Alexandra Park. Tessie, however, had beaten Success with another jockey at Sandown. The question was, whether Charles Wood had fairly tried to win the races on Nov. 4 and Nov. 12. General Owen Williams, who had employed Wood frequently during four years past, thought he had ridden fairly then and at all times; but the Stewards of the Jockey Club, after the publication of the alleged libel, held a private inquiry, called Wood before them on Dec. 15, and decided, on Jan. 14, to refuse him a renewal of his license. He acted as jockey also for Sir George Chetwynd, with a retainer of £300 a year; and this question of Wood's character is mixed up with the Jockey Club dispute between Sir George Chetwynd and the Earl of Durham, which has likewise become a matter of litigation. Wood has been a jockey eighteen years, beginning as an apprentice to the late Mr. Joseph Dawson, trainer; he has ridden for the Dukes of Beaufort, Westminster, Portland, Hamilton, and St. Albans, the Duchess of Montrose, Lord Hartington, Lord Rosebery, Prince Batthyany, and many well-known owners of racehorses. He stated, in his evidence, that his average earnings in fees for riding only were £1900 a year; and his whole income, from fees, retainers, trials, rewards for winning, and other sources of professional income, was about £4000 a year, besides private property. During the past four years he had ridden over two thousand races, and had won 631 races, and he was at the top of the list of jockeys since the death of Fred Archer. He never betted more than £100 at any time. He declared that he rode Success honestly, as well as he could, but that Success was a bad horse, and could not have won those races; the hilly course at Lewes did not suit him. On the other side, Sir Charles Russell, after addressing the jury on Monday, June 25, called several leading members of the Jockey Club, Lord Marcus Beresford, Major Egerton, Mr. Lambton, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Dorchester, and Lord March; also, the Duchess of Montrose, Mr. Reginald Brett, Mr. Hungerford, Mr. Redfern, and others, to speak unfavourably of Wood's general reputation for honest and fair riding. The Duke of Portland had nothing to say against him. The trial was still going on when this edition was put to press.

Lord Aveland has intimated to his tenants in Lincolnshire his intention to remit 20 per cent of the current half-year's rent, in consequence of the agricultural depression.

A silver fête, for the benefit of the Victoria Hospital for Children, will be held at the Royal Exhibition Gardens, South Kensington, on July 11 and following three days. On July 9, there will be an ascent in the captive balloon from the grounds.

The annual Royal Caledonian fancy-dress ball, for the benefit of the Royal Caledonian Asylum and the Royal Scottish Hospital, took place on June 25, at the New Club, Covent-garden, under the patronage of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal family.

In London 2534 births and 1190 deaths were registered in the week ending June 23. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 176, and the deaths 256, below the average in corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 18 from measles, 10 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, 33 from whooping-cough, 15 from enteric fever, 18 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and not one from smallpox, typhus, any ill-defined form of continued fever, or cholera. Different forms of violence caused 63 deaths: 52 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 20 from fractures and contusions, 3 from burns and scalds, 8 from drowning, 4 from poison, and 12 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Ten cases of suicide were recorded, being one above the corrected average.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Marquis of Salisbury has good reason to congratulate himself on the result of his conference with the Conservative members at the Foreign Office on the Twenty-first of June. The Prime Minister has reconsolidated his party, and restored the good round Ministerial majority, which had been temporarily broken in two divisions in the House of Commons.

The political centre of interest has shifted from the Lords to the Commons. Summer heat, polemical and atmospheric, set in with such severity on Monday, the Twenty-fifth of June, that not a few hon. members sought safety in light attire. The House—surely the least commodious legislative chamber in the world—was uncomfortably full, every bench and all the galleries being thronged. The Marquis of Londonderry, Earl Spencer, the Earl of Derby, Lord St. Oswald, and Lord Aberdeen were among the Peers present. Ministers regarding the front Opposition bench complacently noted the continuance of the special anomaly of the session: the presence in the corner of the knot of Liberal-Unionist leaders who had only three days before formally resolved with their followers to support the Government as solidly as heretofore in the impending divisions.

Mr. John Morley, it is safe to say, had one eye on the Speaker and the other on the Isle of Thanet when he rose, flower in button-hole, to trenchantly condemn anew the Irish policy of the Government, and to move, in admirably lucid language and characteristically clear elocution, the following sweeping resolution:—

That in the opinion of this House the operation of The Criminal Law and Procedure (Ireland) Act, 1887, and the manner of its administration, undermine respect for law, estrange the minds of the people of Ireland, and are deeply injurious to the interests of the United Kingdom.

It was the sentence of Mr. John Dillon, author of the "Plan of Campaign" in Ireland, to six months' imprisonment for agrarian agitation that mainly induced Mr. Morley to enter upon his energetic indictment of Ministers for the administration of the Crimes Act. Mr. Goschen was the first to undertake the defence of the Government, whose action he justified on the grounds that it was essential to restore the supremacy of the law before the principle of decentralisation could, with security, be carried out in Ireland. In the debate that ensued, a good maiden speech was made by Mr. Sinclair, the new member for Ayr, in support of the resolution; but the most notable deliverance on the opening night came from that doughty Liberal Unionist, Mr. T. W. Russell, who championed the Government, condemned the "plan of campaign" and boycotting, and elicited Ministerial cheers and laughter by his caustic reminder to Mr. Gladstone that Mr. Dillon's former imprisonment was alluded to as part of the "resources of civilisation." Mr. Shaw Lefevre, on the other hand, regarded Mr. Dillon as distinguished by "the nobility of his character, his patriotism, and his deep fund of human sympathy." Is it not surprising how our Parliamentary doctors differ?

It was in accordance with the business-like habits the House has cultivated under the leadership of Mr. W. H. Smith that the set debate vigorously initiated by Mr. John Morley should have been concluded on the second night. This compression was but reasonable. For it was more than a thrice-told tale that was recounted. The House had before borne the fervid eloquence of Mr. William O'Brien, the white-hot orator who resumed the discussion from the Parnellite ranks on Tuesday. With none the less earnestness did Mr. O'Brien hurl at the head of Mr. Balfour (as usual, cool as a cucumber) a sheaf of those barbed epigrams he uses with effect. Mr. Chaplin's portentous speech was marred by a personal attack on Mr. Gladstone, who was cheered with real enthusiasm when he brushed aside the aspersions with becoming dignity. The right hon. gentleman's pungent reference to the recent decision of an Irish Magistrate as regards conspiracy drew a warm protest from the Secretary for Ireland. "With regard to this particular case," said Mr. Gladstone, "we find it to be as flagrant and as scandalous as any in the days of Judge Jeffreys himself." "A more scandalous attack was never made in this House," replied Mr. Balfour in the course of his great speech wholly defending the Government, and boldly justifying the incarceration of Mr. Dillon. There could be no question that the resolute, defiant language of Mr. Balfour accurately conveyed the sentiments of Conservative members. Ministerialists lustily cheered him to the echo when, in allusion to the prison treatment of Mr. Dillon, he pointedly asked, "I want to know when this principle first came into force which the right hon. gentleman has advocated, that the cloth coat should receive one kind of treatment, and the frieze coat another kind?" One answer is obvious. It is that, whatever has been the custom in the past, the delicate health of Mr. Dillon should entitle the hon. member to the most considerate treatment of the prison authorities. Be that as it may, and the Government might well lean to the side of mercy in this case, there could be no denying the effectiveness of Mr. Balfour's prolonged speech from a debating point of view. The resolute Secretary for Ireland, who has made a great Parliamentary reputation in a very short time, spoke for over two hours; and left it to the eloquent Home-Rule Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Sexton, to close the debate. The issue was greeted with loud Ministerial cheers. There were 273 votes in favour of Mr. Morley's resolution, and 366 against; leaving a majority of 93 for the Government.

Mr. William Temple Franks has been elected to the Stowell Civil Law Fellowship at University College, Oxford.

Sir Trevor Lawrence, M.P., presided at the anniversary festival of the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society, held in Salters' Hall, St. Swin's-lane. The chairman expressed regret that while old institutions like St. Anne's Society, founded in 1702, were allowed to languish for want of funds, new institutions of a similar character were springing up every day. Several dormitories in the asylum were vacant, although there were 140 candidates seeking admission. Contributions amounting to upwards of £2000 were announced.

The annual meeting of the supporters of the mission work being carried on in the diocese of Qu'Appelle, which is situated in the district of Assiniboia, North-West Territory, Canada, took place on June 25 at Grosvenor House. Lord Clinton presided. The treasurer having made a brief and very satisfactory statement, the Bishop of Qu'Appelle said it was with deep thankfulness that he was able to say that his expectations, formed on undertaking the work four years ago, had been far more than realised. Contrasting the state of things in Qu'Appelle in 1884, when they had only three priests and one deacon and no churches whatever, with that existing at present, he said that they had now, he was thankful to say, ten priests and five deacons, and no fewer than fourteen churches, in which services were held at least every fortnight. The most important matter now in hand was to find a clergyman willing to undertake the management of the boys' school, and they were also most anxious to raise £3700 for the Bishopric Endowment Fund. Other addresses, in which the claims of the mission were strongly urged, followed.



THE LATE SURGEON R. E. GENGE,
KILLED IN CASHMERE BY AN AVALANCHE.

"TO THE FRONT."

This picture, by a foreign artist, has attracted notice at Berlin, as well for the merits of the painting as for the historical and national interest of the subject. It represents a scene in one of the famous Prussian battles in the Seven Years' War, between 1756 and 1763, when Frederick II., "called Frederick the Great," with England for his sole ally, fought against the most powerful European Monarchies. His military exploits, defeats, and victories, resulting in the secure establishment of his kingdom, are minutely narrated by Carlyle; and his singular personal character, a mixture of heroic self-confidence and incessant activity, with much petty vanity, spite, and meanness, and with a disposition to trickery and perfidy in pursuit of his ambitious schemes, is correctly appreciated by sober students of history. Of the art of war, as practised in his time, he was undoubtedly a skilful and generally successful master; and his care for the organisation and discipline of the Prussian army made it the apt instrument of projects which were eventually realised by the political transformation of Germany, and by raising that Monarchy, a new and small one at the commencement of his reign, to the position of the mightiest of Continental Powers.



THE LATE DR. ZUKERTORT.
(See our Chess Column.)

This remarkable man died in 1786, and is buried, with his father, King Frederick William I., in the Garrison Church at Potsdam. The palace of Sans Souci, and that now called Friedrichskron, in which the late Emperor was born and died, were erected by "Frederick the Great" as memorials of two of his most important wars. If he had lived twenty years later, probably Napoleon would not have conquered Europe.

THE LATE CAPTAIN P. J. CUNNINGHAM.

Captain Patrick Joseph Cunningham, Paymaster of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade, died in Burmah from the effects of a cobra bite, while hunting in the jungle. He was an officer of exceptional abilities, having been Sergeant-Major of his regiment (the East York) at twenty-six years of age, in 1878; and received his first commission three months later. He gained the "Distinguished" certificates for fortification, reconnaissance, and military law, and the "Extra (Hythe)" for musketry; also that of military interpreter in Hindustani. He was three times selected for special services, and was seconded from the East Yorkshire Regiment, in which he was Captain and for some time Adjutant, for service in Burmah as Paymaster to the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade. The deceased was in his thirty-sixth year of age, and was on the eve of a further promotion. His funeral was attended by the General and Staff at Mandalay, and by all the officers and troops of the garrison.

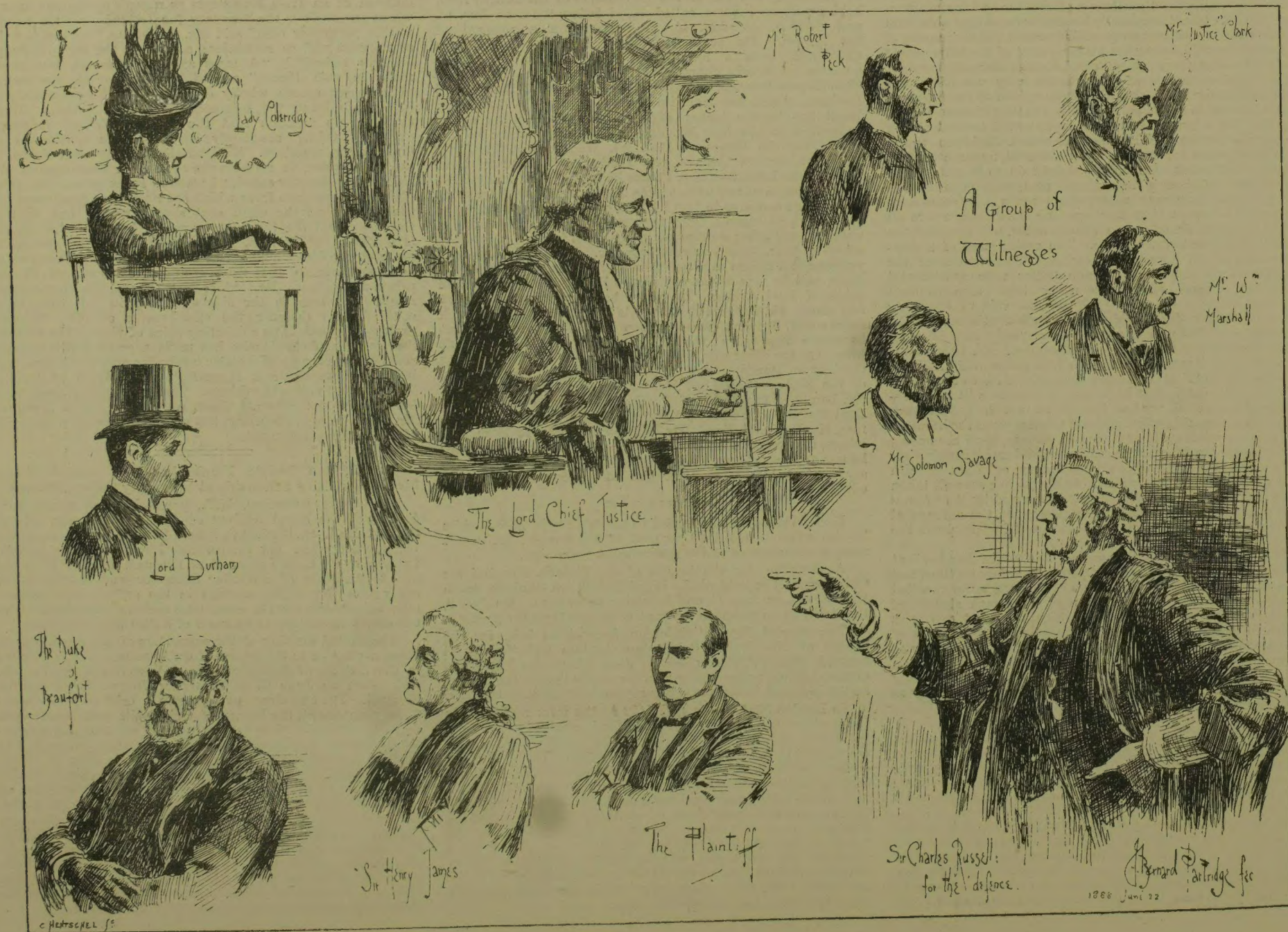


THE LATE CAPTAIN P. J. CUNNINGHAM,
DIED IN BURMAH.

THE LATE SURGEON R. E. GENGE.

It is with regret we announce the untimely death of this promising young officer of the Army Medical Staff. He was eldest son of the late Mr. R. Genge, of Waterston, Dorsetshire, and was in the twenty-fifth year of his age. It appears that he had gone to Cashmere on three months' privilege leave, and was killed by an avalanche of snow in the Kaital nullah with his six native servants. Their bodies were recovered, and were sent into Serinagur for burial. The accident is supposed to have occurred on May 16. Mr. Genge was a medical student at Westminster Hospital; after passing well both the entrance and final examination at Netley, he entered the Army Medical Staff in January, 1886, and having served at Colchester some months, went out to India, arrived in November, 1886, and was posted to Mooltan, in Bengal, where he was appointed Staff-surgeon. His death will be deeply regretted by many friends, both at home and in India. Our Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. W. Gill, Colchester.

The summer meeting of the London Athletic Club was held at Stamford-bridge Grounds, Chelsea, on June 23, when, favoured with fine weather, 4000 spectators were present.



THE TURF SCANDAL: SKETCHES IN THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE'S COURT, JUNE 22.



"TO THE FRONT!" AN INCIDENT IN THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR OF FREDERICK THE GREAT OF PRUSSIA.
FROM THE PICTURE BY CHELMINSKY.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The Royal order for a general mourning has been almost universally obeyed amongst the classes who have the means to change costume readily. The Park has daily presented a most dull and mournful appearance, hardly one carriage in twenty in the Ring containing women dressed in any sort of colour but the negative one, with perhaps a white straw hat appearing here and there on a young girl to lighten the sombreness. At the opera, too, one learned to realise, if one never did before, the value of colour. The boxes and stalls were filled with people all clad in the same dull hue, which not even the brilliance of many diamonds could redeem. Diamonds, pearls, and plain gold ornaments are allowable in complimentary mourning, and many of the ladies attending the opera were blazing with the shining stones; but nevertheless the general effect on the house of the mourning was very marked. Many private entertainments have been abandoned altogether. At those which have taken place the few women in bright gowns have been uncomfortably conspicuous.

One of the prettiest entertainments ever seen in London is the open-air ballet of "The Midsummer Night's Dream," now being given nightly in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. Unfortunately, the climate of our otherwise superior little island is not of a pattern description. Midsummer's Eve surely ought to imply fine weather; but I was at the Crystal Palace on that evening, and the thousands who then witnessed the open-air ballet shivered as they stood in the bitter north wind. The dancers are nearly all children, some of them quite tiny. Their attire looks of the most airy description; but I was assured that they are all completely clad in closely-fitting wool garments beneath the pink "tights." Certainly their training must have been a work of such labour and cost that their employers, for their own sakes, are hardly likely to be unduly careless about the health and life of the little troupe. Nevertheless, the ballet of course needs warm weather for its complete success.

This ballet fulfils the old ideal of such set dances: it tells the tale without the aid of words. There is Titania expressing her fondness for her dead friend's child, to the jealousy of Oberon; the mischievous Puck, a truly fairy-like sprite, dances through his pranks with the magic juice; the "small elves" appear in their bats' and frogs' coats; Peas-blossom, Mustard-seed, Cobweb, and Moth are seen in their varied attire of pink, yellow, moth-white, and dusky and smoky grey; the fairies ward off the attacks on the slumbers of their queen of the newts and "beetles black"; and then the Mortals come, with the fun of their uncouth clowning to contrast with the airy, poetic grace of all that has come before, and with the brilliant, varied colourings of the dances that celebrate the reconciliation of the fairy King and Queen. Madame Katti Lanner is a true artist; her eye for colour and form is perfect; and there are some combinations in these dances the beauty of which could hardly be surpassed. There are fairies in closely-falling silken draperies of delicate mauve, like the tint of a damp sunset; others in a pale green such as secluded woodland flowers wear; others white as the lilies that they gather and wave through the mazes of their dance; while the delicately veined transparency of the wings on all their shoulders seems to palpitate with life. Beetles in shimmering black, with touches of silver, make a background to all this lightness; while tiny little fays, wreathed round and round with chains of pink roses, circle in and out amidst the taller denizens of Titania's kingdom. All this amidst sylvan surroundings, the tall trees dotted with variegated lamps, rows of which also outline the great glass building, itself mystical under the moonlight, make up a scene of poetry and an illusion of grace, fancy, and beauty, to the magic of which the weary mind gladly lends itself a while.

Of all objects of charity, surely those afflicted permanently with some deprivation of faculty are the most deserving. Of these, the blind are most open to help. Nothing can be more touching to the sympathies than to realise the difference which is made in the lot of the blind by proper training; the hopeless, helpless dependence and idleness which are the lot of those so afflicted, without the chance afforded them by the helping hand of the teacher and guide, compared with the bright, self-reliant, self-respecting moral attitude, and the active, independent career of those whose circumstances have been favourable. A most interesting display of what blind education can achieve was given at the Royal Normal College for the Blind on the occasion of the recent opening of the Fawcett Memorial at that institution. The committee of the national memorial of Fawcett, himself one of the most extraordinary and stimulating examples to the blind of what their class can do, rightly thought that they could make no better use of their surplus, after providing for a monumental tablet in Westminster Abbey, than presenting the sum to this college, in which the late Postmaster-General himself took great personal interest. The money has been mainly expended on a fine asphalted skating-rink, which serves also as a gymnasium; while various improvements in the grounds have been made too. The physique and health of the blind, owing mainly to their lack of exercise, is generally rather low, and the first great effort of a competent teacher is to induce the pupils to throw off fear and to go about vigorously and courageously. From the fundamental necessity for physical training comes the justification of the application of the Fawcett fund to the provision of the new gymnasium, which was formally opened on June 23 by a speech from Sir Lyon Playfair, under the presidency of Mr. Mundella, and with the attendance of a very large company of ladies and gentlemen.

Female as well as male pupils are resident in the college. The youngest are only seven years of age, while the elder ones are young men and women, ready for responsible situations as organists, music-teachers, piano tuners and repairers, and teachers of other blind persons. All can skate in the rink, and the girls, in couples, gave a perfect display of their skill in this accomplishment, circling round with long, steady even strides. Others, clad in proper gymnastic costume, went through a programme of Swedish drill; while the lads performed ordinary gymnastic exercises with parallel bars, vaulting-horse, &c., quite as well and freely as sighted pupils. In the swimming bath a number were disporting themselves, as free and rapid in their evolutions as the seeing; others were rowing on the lake; and a merry party were enjoying heartily the riding of a number of bicycles which the Rudge Company have generously given to the institution. Some of these are the new "Four-in-hand Tandems," which the director finds particularly useful, as naturally one sighted person must always ride on each machine to guide it. The principal of the college, Dr. Campbell, is himself a blind man, and is full of devices for his work, born of his own experience of the wants of the class. He claims that the music-teachers trained by and supplied with his apparatus form better teachers of sighted children than those who are not blind, because the teaching has to be made more concrete and visible to allow the blind person to explain himself. Last year one hundred of the pupils who have passed through the college earned nearly £10,000. It is, altogether, a delightful work, and should be supported. Visitors are received at three o'clock on the first Thursday in each month.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G. ADAMSON.—The game is very acceptable, and shall appear as soon as possible.

HERVEY.—If in No. 2302 in reply to 1. B to R 8th, Black plays 1. P to B 5th, White continues 2. Q to Kt 2nd (ch), &c.; but if the Bishop had been played first to B6th the Black King could now capture it, and there is no mate.

H. COOPER (Hertford).—Your problem has never reached us, or it would have been duly acknowledged, whatever its merits.

MRS. KELLY, AND OTHERS.—In Problem No. 2305, if 1. K to Kt 2nd, Black replies by 1. Q takes B, and there is no mate in two more moves.

G. HEWITT (Middle Colaba).—Solution of No. 2300 quite right. We are indebted for your letter to the Chess Editor of *Vanity Fair*, to whom it was delivered. Please address in future 198, Strand.

CHESS EDITOR (*Vanity Fair*).—Thanks for your courtesy.

SQUIRE.—You give solution of your problem as commencing Kt takes B (ch). There is no such move on your diagram; but, apart from that, to commence with such a capture is utterly fatal to the beauty of any position.

GODFREY HEATHCOTE (Manchester).—A very pretty problem, which shall duly appear if it stands examination.

H. M. PRIDEAUX.—Thanks for problem, which is very neat, and shall appear in due course.

G. C. HRYWOOD.—Both game and problem shall appear. At present we have a rather large supply of two-move problems.

E. CRANE (Coalville).—Your problem is too elementary for this column, but try again.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2299 received from Lance-Corporal P. Edwards (Ranikhet, India), and L. Ryder (Bombay); of No. 2300 from G. Hewitt (Middle Colaba); of No. 2301 from Ruby Rook, R. S. Galt, and F. Drex; of No. 2302 from Dr. F. St. H. P. (Dudley), T. G. (Ware), Hermit, B. Sharnwood, and C. T. Addison.

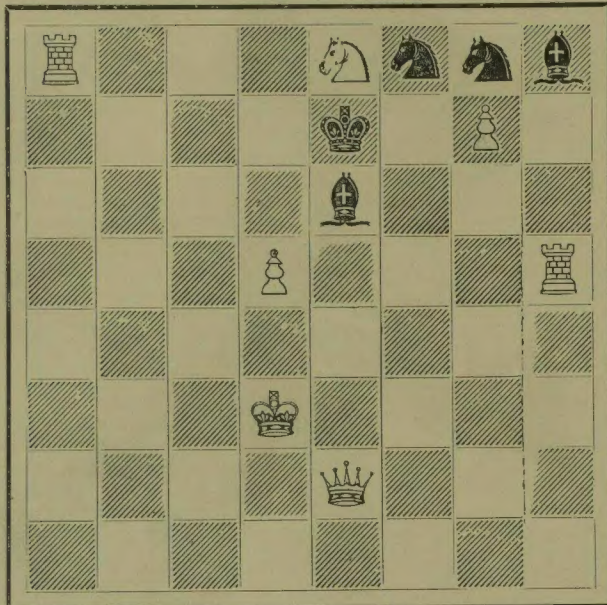
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2306 received from L. Desanges, J. R. Blythe, J. G. Hankin, Jupiter Junior, H. Lucas, E. Phillips, L. Wyman, Mrs. W. J. Baird, H. Cooper, Hereward, R. Winters (Canterbury), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Howard A. R. H. Brooks, J. Hepworth Shaw, Dane John, H. P. (Dudley), Ruby Rook, F. Baker (Portsmouth-road), Charles W. Wood, Blair H. Cochrane, Shadforth, Rev. Winfield Cooper, G. J. Powell, D. Wiltz (Heidelberg), E. H. Odham Club, Hermit, Emile Frau (Lyons), T. G. (Ware), Mrs. Kelly, R. S. Galt, Nos. Itadna, S. J. Hall, R. F. N. Banks, Bernard Reynolds, G. T. Addison, Julia Short, J. Hall, W. R. Baillem, J. R. Newman, Percy Andrea, G. J. Veale, Thomas Chown, F. L. Jackson, D. McCoy, Nigel, Dawn, T. Roberts, Dr. F. St. C. E. P., E. Crane, T. Whitty (Wexford), Duncan R. L. Froud, F. Hannay, and F. C. T.

* SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2304.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2nd. Any move.
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 2308.

By F. HOFFMAN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game in the Fraser International Correspondence Tourney, between Mr. G. B. FRASER, of Dundee, and Mr. W. H. GUNSTON, of Cambridge. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. K to Kt 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
2. P to K B 4th	B to Q B 4th	22. Q R to K B sq	B to Q B 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	23. Kt to K Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q Kt 3rd
5. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	25. Kt takes R P	R takes Kt
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K Kt 5th	26. Q takes Kt	Q R to K R sq
		27. Q to K B 3rd	

An apparently promising attack; but, as the result shows, undoubtedly premature.

Black might perhaps have done better here by playing Kt to Q 5th. White is then compelled to exchange Knights, and his position is slightly more exposed thereby.

9. P to K R 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
10. P to K B 5th P to K R 3rd
11. P to Q 3rd B to Q 2nd
12. P to K Kt 4th Kt to Q 5th
13. Q to K Kt 2nd Kt takes Kt
14. Q takes Kt B to B 3rd
15. P to K R 4th P to K R 4th
16. P to K Kt 5th Kt to K Kt 5th
17. P to K Kt 6th P to K B 3rd
18. Kt to K 2nd

White has now in view the capture of K R P, a design which, for a time, is ingeniously frustrated by his opponent.

18. B to Q 2nd B to B 7th
19. B to Q 2nd Q to Q B sq
20. B to B 7th (ch) K to K 2nd

Played with the object of preventing all relief by advance of Queen's Pawn. White foresees that the capture of R P must involve Black in inextricable difficulties.

27. R takes R R takes P
28. K to Kt 3rd R takes R
29. K to K R sq Q to Q R sq
30. R to K R 7th R takes R
31. R to K R 7th Q to K R sq
32. P takes R

It is rarely one sees the Queen so closely engaged by an insignificant Pawn.

33. Q to K R 5th K to B sq
34. Q to K Kt 6th B to Q 2nd
35. K to B 3rd

The King must be taken off the Knight's file before White plays his next move, in order to allow of Q takes Kt (ch).

35. P to Q 4th and wins.

THE LATE DR. ZUKERTORT.

By the lamentably sudden death of Dr. Zukertort—full particulars of which have already appeared in the daily papers—chess has lost one of the ablest exponents of the game that it has ever known. Prior to his arrival in England from Berlin in 1872, he had acquired, both by his play and his literary work, a European reputation; but it was in this country he developed those great powers of strategy that culminated in his memorable victory in the London Tournament of 1883. At that date there is little doubt Zukertort was the first of living players, and the game in which he defeated Blackburne was justly regarded as a marvellous exhibition of analysis and combination. The mental strain, however, was too much for his physical powers, as he broke down immediately his success was assured, and it is doubtful whether he was ever the same man afterwards. His journey to America to meet Steinitz was a most imprudent undertaking, and although at first he showed his true form, the deterioration of his later play and his consequent defeat bore testimony to the effect of climatic change on a weakened constitution. He returned but the ghost of his former self, and never recovered from the disappointment of the journey. At the very last he seemed to be regaining lost ground, and had taken so far the first place in the British Chess Club Handicap when his farther progress was cut short by an untimely death. His play possessed all the characteristics of the modern school, with some of the daring and vigour of the old. He never sacrificed soundness for brilliancy; but no man was more ready to avail himself of an opportunity for dashing attack when it could be safely pushed. His knowledge of the openings was exhaustive, and his analyses of some of them, notably the Evans, Muzio, and Allgaier gambits, completely altered long-established opinions as to their value. An extremely retentive memory joined to a vivid imagination made him pre-eminent as a blindfold player, some of his feats in this respect being unsurpassed. Altogether he was a chess genius of the highest order, and his death at the early age of forty-six, is a real loss to the cause of the game he served so well.

The Sussex v. Surrey match, played at Brighton last Saturday, resulted in an easy victory for the former team, by 11½ games to 3½. Included in this majority were three games forfeited by Surrey absentees.

Play at the British Chess Club has been suspended in consequence of the death of Dr. Zukertort; and the scores are, therefore, practically the same as those published last week.

SUNNY HOURS.

A summer day in the hay-field must often be laborious; but the temptation to laziness will prevail whenever an excuse can be found, and the young girl will soon drop her rake, and will seek a few minutes' repose on the fragrant swathes of new-mown grass, if she be not working under bounden service to a master. In this natural attitude, to be sure, furnishing an appropriate illustration of the season, neither the artist nor the admirer of rustic beauties can have reason to find fault with her; and our readers may accept the picture, given in the Coloured Supplement this week, as a fitting present at the end of June.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

The summer exhibition of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, now open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, is almost exclusively devoted to water colours. It is comparatively so easy to reach in this branch of art a certain level of correctness and finish that one is not surprised at the effect which a first glance round the walls arouses. We hasten to add that a closer inspection of many works confirms the first impression. To two (apparently) Irish ladies, Miss Mildred Butler and Miss Rose Barton, belong the chief honours of the show. In each there is a delicacy of touch and sympathy with nature which older artists have failed to catch. The "Old Roman Bridge at Pandey" (185) and "Golden Autumn" (246) by the former, and "St. Patrick's Close" (119) and "Evening" (128) by the latter, are works which many of well-established reputation might be proud to acknowledge. The president, Mr. Walter Severn, is well represented by a number of views, chiefly Scotch or Irish, of which "The Falls of Braemore" (81) and "The Meeting of the Waters, Killarney" (276) are amongst the most characteristic; but a night effect on "Loch Broom" (287) is, perhaps, his most effective work. Mr. Reginald Barber has a strongly-painted female figure (197), which is emphasised, but also somewhat spoilt, by the very solid halo against which the head is set; and Mr. L. Block's array of books under the light of a shaded lamp is an astounding piece of diligent, painstaking work. In the portfolio of sketches there are one or two other studies of still life by the same artist which will bear, as they deserve, the closest inspection. Mr. W. Foster brings to the study of dead birds the minute care his father, Mr. Birket Foster, displays in dealing with landscape; and Mr. Charles Hern contributes a number of interesting street studies at home and abroad. Although Mr. Edgar Giberne has not all the vigour of John Leech, he shares with him much of his humour and knowledge of horseflesh. His "Signs of the Zodiac" (298 and 305) illustrate, with considerable talent, the joys and pleasures of a hunting-man; but they are perhaps more suitable for a sporting almanack than for graver uses. Amongst the other drawings worthy of notice may be mentioned Mr. Archibald Webb's "Shoreham" (17); a number of Italian sketches by Mr. Alfred Stevens; a clever head of an Antwerp peasant by Mr. Rupert Stevens, and a "View on the Stour" (68) by the same artist; "Silver and Gold" (7), by Miss May Reeves; a view on the coast of Anglesea; Mr. H. Goodwin's "Baveno" (62); and Mr. Henry Terry's "Little Sempstress" (107). To these should be added the contributions of Mr. Hubert Medlycott, Mr. B. J. M. Donne, and Mr. Charles E. Hern, whose names are too well known to need special comment.

The small collection of sketches of Venice (and Southwold) by Mr. Heath Wilson, now on view at Messrs. Clifford's Gallery (12, Piccadilly), displays artistic qualities of a high order. In a measure these sketches are impressions of the painter's travels rather than highly-finished renderings of scenery and buildings. In such works as the "San Giorgio from the Giudecca," the "Venetian Palace," and the "Door of SS. Giovanni e Paolo," one sees of what careful finish Mr. Heath Wilson is capable; but it is rather in such scenes as the "Sunset on the Lagoons," the "Hills of Fiesole," and the "Mountain Paths round Carrara," that one gets a notion of his higher qualities, and of his sympathy with nature. Mr. Heath Wilson, if we mistake not, comes of an art-loving stock. His father, long resident in Rome, was the author of a life of Michael Angelo which still holds its place among the biographies of painters. His grandfather was chiefly known in Scotland, although a good specimen of his work is to be seen at South Kensington, in which the teaching and method of his master, Alexander Nasmyth, are clearly traceable. Mr. Heath Wilson's few sketches of Southwold, in which a vigorous sense of colour is apparent, prove him to be not less successful in rendering East Anglian scenery than he is in recalling in his other sketches the vivid contrasts of Southern climates.

June 23 was Speech Day at Rugby, and a distinguished gathering of ladies and gentlemen took part in the proceedings.

The Hospital Sunday Fund now amounts to nearly £32,000, and it is considered quite probable that this year's fund will exceed that of last year.

In consequence of the retirement of Mr. J. S. Mansfield, the senior Magistrate at the Marlborough-street Police-Court, the vacancy is to be filled by Mr. James L. Hannay, the junior Magistrate at Worship-street.

The special committee of the council of the National Rifle Association have visited Richmond Park and made an inspection of the site proposed for the future annual rifle contests under the association. The space selected is deemed adaptable for the purposes of the meeting without danger to the public. The firing points suggested lie between the Roehampton private gate and Robin Hood-gate, and the range takes the direction of Kingston-gate behind the White Lodge. There is a good mile and a half square, backed by a large wooded hill, and the firing points are within ground at present inclosed from the public.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey during July will be as follows:—Sunday, 1st, at 10 a.m., in choir, Dr. Doane, Bishop of Albany, U.S.A. (offertory for Westminster Female Refuge); at 3 p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar; at 7 p.m., in nave, the Dean. Monday, 2nd, opening service for Lambeth Conference, at 7 p.m., in choir; at 7 p.m., in nave, Archbishop of Canterbury. Sunday, 8th, at 10 a.m., in choir, Dr. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York (for the Bishop of Connecticut) (offertory for Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts); at 3 p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar; at 7 p.m., in nave, Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney (collection for S.P.G.). Sunday, 15th, at 10 a.m., in choir, Dr. Piercy Austin, Bishop of Guiana (offertory for poor of Westminster); at 3 p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar; at 7 p.m., in nave, Dr. West Jones, Bishop of Cape Town. Sunday, 22nd, at 10 a.m., in choir, Dr. Strachan, Bishop of Rangoon (offertory for "Poor Children's Holiday Fund"); at 3 p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott; at 7 p.m., in nave, Dr. Mackray, Bishop of Rupertsland (collection for Church Missionary Society). Wednesday, 25th, St. James's, at 3 p.m., in choir; the Rev. H. Aldrich Cotton. Sunday, 29th, at 10 a.m., in choir, Dr. Hare, Bishop of South Dakota, U.S.A. (offertory for the Convalescent Fund, Westminster Hospital); at 3 p.m., in choir, Dr. Westcott; at 7 p.m., in nave, Dr. Johnson, Bishop of Calcutta.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, June 26.

In French politics the great event is the decline of Boulangerism, which is manifested by several symptoms which it would be tedious to enumerate. It suffices to say that in the recent senatorial election in the Nord, where Boulanger was elected deputy two months ago, the Boulangerist party played absolutely no rôle; indeed, there seems to be no Boulangerist party at all. The party is the General himself and the handful of deputies, journalists, and adventurers who form his committee; and these now are divided, and the General is threatened with a peremptory request to declare either for or against a Radical programme. Another symptom of Boulanger's decline is that the cafés-concerts have turned against him: the topical songs of the moment all ridicule the General without mercy. Apparently his political career is coming to an end, and Boulanger will be neither Dictator nor President, but soon a simple Deputy "with a past," like Major Labordère.

The eagerly-expected speech from the Throne of the new German Emperor is commented upon by the French distrustfully. In reality, it does not change the European situation, either for better or for worse. The French press, however, contrasts the tone of William II.'s message with the Liberal aspirations and humanitarian sentiments expressed a few months ago by Frederick III. in similar circumstances.

Present circumstances, it appears, will not permit the Government to revoke the decree of exile of which the Duc d'Aumale is victim. The Institute of France last week made an official visit to M. Floquet to petition him in favour of the generous donor of Chantilly. The Cabinet Council discussed the question, and President Carnot and M. de Freycinet both pronounced warmly in favour of the revocation; but M. Floquet and the other members of the Cabinet dared not face the wrath of the Radicals, particularly at the present moment, when Monarchists and Imperialists are openly conspiring to overthrow the Republic. Besides, if the Duc d'Aumale were recalled, Prince Napoleon, also a learned member of the Institute, might ask to be recalled also. In short, the Republic still finds it necessary to have exiles.

At the last sitting of the Conseil d'Hygiène M. Pasteur announced that the number of persons bitten by mad dogs is still very considerable: last week, in one day, sixteen persons bitten by dogs came to his laboratory. M. Pasteur hopes that the new and severe measures taken by the Prefect of Police will lessen the number of cases. Questioned on the subject, M. Pasteur said that it was impossible to define absolutely the symptoms of rabies in dogs.

An English gentleman named Knighton, vice-president of a body called the Association Littéraire Internationale, has presented to the city of Paris a statue of Shakespeare by the sculptor Fournier. This statue will be erected at the corner of the Avenue de Messine and the Boulevard Haussmann. Hitherto Dante has been the only foreigner having a statue at Paris.

In the Fine Arts department preparations are being made for a competition of architects and sculptors for plans of a commemorative monument of the French Revolution, which is to be erected on the site of the Palais des Tuileries, and of which the foundation-stone is to be laid on July 14, 1889. This structure is to be at the same time a monument and a museum, and will cost ten millions of francs. The only question is whether it will ever be finished. In 1879 a law was passed and promulgated concerning the erection on the site of the old Jeu de Paume of a monument commemorating the Constituent Assembly; 150,000 francs were spent in prizes in the competition, and since then no more has been heard about the matter.

One of the great attractions of the Exhibition of 1889 will be the history of human habitations, set forth on the Quai d'Orsay in forty-nine structures, planned by the architect, Charles Garnier. M. Garnier's plan, which has just been approved by the Supreme Commission of the Exhibition, comprises two periods—historic and pre-historic. The latter comprises caves, huts, troglodyte dwellings, and lacustrine habitations. The historic period contains five sub-divisions:—1. Primitive civilisations: Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Hebrew, Pelasgic, and Etruscan; 2. Civilisations born of the invasions of the Aryas: specimens of the dwellings of the Indians, Persians, Germans, Gauls, Greeks, and Romans; 3. Roman civilisation in the West: dwellings of Huns and Scandinavians, and specimens of Gallo-Roman, Roman, Mediæval, and Renaissance habitations; 4. Roman civilisation in the East: specimens of the habitations of the Byzantines, Slavs, Russians, Arabs, Turks, and Soudanese; 5. Civilisations contemporary with primitive civilisations: dwellings of Chinese, Japanese, Esquimaux, Laplanders, African tribes, Redskins, Aztecs and Incas. This section of the Exhibition will be the complement of the Street of Nations, which formed such a curious and interesting feature of the Exhibition of 1878. T. C.

The German Emperor William and Empress arrived at Berlin on Sunday evening, June 24. They went by steamer from Potsdam to Charlottenburg, and thence in an open carriage, which formed part of a State procession. They were received with great demonstrations. The German Parliament was opened on June 25 by the Emperor. The ceremony was marked by much pomp, most of the Federal Princes being present. In the speech from the throne his Majesty said he had summoned the House in order to declare that he was determined to follow the course by which his grandfather won the confidence of allies, the love of the German people, and the goodwill of foreign countries. "I am resolved," he added, "to maintain peace with everyone, so far as lies in my power." He would never jeopardise the benefits of peace unless the necessity of war were forced upon the country by an attack on the Empire or on its allies. Germany needed no fresh military glory, nor conquests, as she had won by fighting the right to exist as an independent nation. In conclusion, he referred to the pacific relations which had existed for the past hundred years with Russia, and said they corresponded with his own feelings and the interests of Germany. The Emperor's voice became especially emphatic when saying that he was resolved to preserve peace so far as it rested on him to do so, and his manner became very earnest in declaring his friendship for Russia. The reading of the speech was greeted at many points by cheers. At the conclusion of the impressive speech, Prince Bismarck bent low, and kissed the Emperor's hand. The Emperor raised him, and shook hands with him warmly amid the ringing cheers of the assembly. Three cheers for the Kaiser were then called for, and given with a will. The procession then re-formed and left the saloon, this most brilliant function being over.—On June 26 the draft of the Address in reply to the speech of the Emperor William was read by the President. It cordially approves the Imperial declarations, and expresses confidence that the peace of the German people will not be disturbed by anyone. The session was then closed with three cheers for the Emperor.—On June 27 the Emperor William II., King of Prussia, delivered his speech from the throne to the two Houses of the Prussian Diet assembled in the White Hall of

the royal castle.—Princess Albert of Saxe-Altenburg, eldest daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and sister of the Duchess of Connaught, died on June 21.—Professor Virchow has been awarded the great gold Boerhaave medal for anthropology by the Scientific Society of Haarlem.

The Emperor Francis Joseph attended the funeral service held at Pesth on June 21, in the German Reformed Church, in memory of the Emperor Frederick.—The Emperor of Austria has appointed the Emperor William Colonel-Proprietor of the 34th Infantry Regiment, and has ordered that the 7th Hussars shall be called the Regiment of William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia.—The remains of the composer Beethoven, which were exhumed on June 21, from the grave in the cemetery of Währing, were re-interred next day in the Central Cemetery of Vienna. An imposing funeral procession escorted the coffin through the most populous parts of the city, including the Ringstrasse, where thousands of spectators were assembled.

An international horse-show was opened at Brussels on June 24, including 734 horses, without counting the colts. All countries are well represented, and the English exhibits of Clydesdales and Suffolks attract much attention.

At Copenhagen, on June 20, the centenary of the emancipation of the Danish peasants was celebrated with great rejoicings.

Intelligence has been received from St. Paul de Loanda that Mr. Stanley has been wounded in pushing his way through a very rough forest country in the face of hostile tribes. Reinforcements are proceeding to his assistance.

After eight ballots the choice of the American Republican party has fallen upon General Benjamin Harrison as the candidate for the Presidency of the United States. General Harrison, who won his brevet rank in the Civil War, is a grandson of a former President of the United States. Mr. Levi P. Morton has been nominated by the Chicago Convention for the post of Vice-President of the United States. He is a member of a well-known American banking firm, and was formerly United States Minister in Paris.

The New Zealand Parliament has passed the Tariff Bill.

The Portrait of the late Dr. Zukertort, the chessplayer, is from a photograph by Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of Regent-street.

The Queen has become the patron of the national movement for celebrating the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

Her Majesty's yearlings were offered at auction on June 23 at the Hampton Court Paddocks. The twenty-six lots disposed of realised 12,335 guineas, or an average of 474½ guineas.

An amateur dramatic entertainment was given on June 28 at St. George's Hall, Langham-place, in aid of the Hospital for Children of the Poor at Kingsholm, near Gloucester.

At Birmingham on June 20 the Australians won the match against an Eleven of England by ten wickets. The match at Lord's between the Marylebone Club and the Australians ended on June 23 in the victory of the Colonials by 14 runs.

The inmates of the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots will hold their summer fête on Thursday, July 5. As usual, a variety of entertainments will be provided, and the asylum and grounds will be open for visitors.

The annual general meeting of the English Goethe Society was held at the Westminster Townhall on June 28, when the president, Professor Edward Dowden, LL.D., gave an address on "Goethe in Italy."

An international yacht-race in the North Sea, in which eight vessels competed, five of which were English, resulted, according to an Amsterdam telegram, as follows:—Colonel Villiers Bagot's Mohawk, 1; Captain C. G. Nottage's Foxhound, 2; and Mr. T. B. C. West's May, 3.

Mr. Theodore Martin Roberts, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, has been appointed to the head-mastership of the Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Cranbrook, Kent. Mr. Roberts was tenth in the First Class (Classical Tripos, 1878), and has been eight years a master at Dulwich College.

Sir William Hart-Dyke, Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, opened a new school and guild of handicraft in connection with Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, on June 23, and in the course of his speech wished the project a prosperous career. The Marquis of Ripon, a former Lord President of the Council, also addressed the company.

A public meeting was held at the Bow and Bromley Institute on June 26, under the presidency of Mr. Childers, to raise funds for the London Hospital. Mr. Childers said it was proposed to organise another quinquennial fund, and there had already been promised £16,000 down, and £21,000 to be paid in instalments. The meeting was addressed by several other gentlemen.

The Royal Counties Agricultural Show opened on June 26 at Bournemouth under favourable circumstances. The entries numbered 1141, and the visitors during the day numbered upwards of 2000, nearly double the number who visited the Reading Show on the first day last year. The Queen and the Prince of Wales were exhibitors in the sheep and cattle classes, her Majesty taking two first and two second prizes in the latter.

A new cabin at Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth, was opened on June 25, having been erected by the Empress Victoria of Germany. Last summer the Empress, then Crown Princess of Germany, visited the Sailors' Rest, and seeing two cabins called after the sons of the Prince of Wales, she decided to add another, to be called the "Prince Henry Cabin," after her second son, and also sent a portrait of his Royal Highness to be hung in the cabin.

The Congress of Law Societies and Law Students was resumed at the Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, on June 23, under the presidency of Mr. Percy Short, of Birmingham. Mr. T. Bateman Napier read a paper on the proposed establishment of a law university. Mr. F. W. Pearson moved:—"That, in the opinion of this congress, it is desirable to turn the Inns of Court into a teaching university." The motion, which was opposed by Mr. Sherrington, was eventually adopted. A discussion followed as to the prevention of the sales of the remaining Inns of Chancery, and a paper was afterwards read on "Unqualified Practitioners."

The highest classical honour in the London University has this year for the first time fallen to a lady, Miss Mary Louisa Worley, of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, and Girton College, Cambridge, who has gained the gold medal in Classics at the annual examination for the M.A. degree. This distinguished lady student was born May, 1865. At the matriculation examination of the London University, in 1883, she gained an Exhibition, and the Gilchrist Scholarship; at Girton College, Cambridge, in 1884, she gained an Entrance Scholarship, and at the intermediate arts examination she was fifth in English Honours; in 1886, at the B.A. examination, London University, she was ninth in Classical Honours; and in 1888, at the Classical Tripos, Cambridge University, she was in the first division, second class.

EXPLORATIONS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

A lecture was delivered in the theatre of the Royal Geographical Society on June 25, by Lieutenant Wissman, on "Explorations in Central Africa." General R. Strachey presided, and presented the lecturer with a gold medal of the society.

Lieutenant Wissman, in his paper, invited his hearers to follow him into the region of Central Africa, whither neither Arab nor European had reached in 1881, when he first visited it. The region in question was bounded by the San Kúre and the Lomani, and was inhabited by the Bene Ki, a division of the Basonge. It formed a rolling savannah intersected by numerous rivulets, which had excavated their channels to a depth of 150 ft. through darkest red laterite, whose colour contrasted pleasantly with the sombre hues of the grasses. A narrow strip of luxuriant primeval forest accompanied these crystal streams of cold waters. He then described the peaceful character of the tribe and the friendly reception he had met with. Their huts were square in form, and measuring about 20 ft. Gardens occupied the open space between the homesteads, where wild hemp and tobacco, tomatoes, red pepper, gourds, bananas, and sugar cane, ricinus, and other medicinal plants grew uncultivated. A thicket of bananas and plantains occupied the back of each homestead, and, passing through the shady palm-grove which supplied its owner with nuts, oil, wine, and fibres, they looked across the fields down to the valley and its rivulets. Among the Basonge these fields were cultivated by the men, and yielded sweet potatoes, ground nuts, maize, and millet, which was used for making beer. The women attended to the lighter domestic duties and fetched wood and water. Each homestead, with its farm, thus occupied a long strip of land extending from the village street down to the rivulet, and bounded by well-defined paths used by the carriers of water. After the lapse of four years, returning to this spot, he found it deserted. Bleached skulls were found by the river side, and skeletons of human hands, telling the story of massacre.

At the conclusion of the lecture, Sir Francis De Winton referred to Mr. Stanley's expedition, and said he had no hesitation in saying that if nothing had happened to Mr. Stanley personally—he meant one of those accidents to which all were liable, whether in Africa or in England—he was at that moment either with Emin Pasha or on his way to the East Coast with his caravan.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

The seventh annual meeting of the International Arbitration and Peace Association was held on June 25 at the Westminster Palace Hotel. Cardinal Manning presided, and there was a large attendance. The secretary, Mr. J. F. Green, read the annual report, which stated that the principles of the association were making steady progress, and that they had now eight affiliated societies on the Continent. On the motion of Mr. Illingworth, M.P., seconded by Mr. Lawson, M.P., the report was unanimously adopted. The Hon. Philip Stanhope, M.P., moved a resolution affirming that every effort made with the object of effecting permanent treaties of arbitration between nations deserved hearty support, and expressing the satisfaction of the meeting at the progress made last year, at the instance of the Workmen's Peace Association, towards the establishment of such a treaty between Great Britain and the United States. The resolution was seconded by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. M. Léon Marillier, of Paris, and Signor E. T. Moneta, an Italian delegate, supported the resolution, which was carried. Mr. G. J. Holyoake moved, and Dr. Pankhurst seconded, a further resolution expressing the satisfaction of the meeting at the progress of the principles of international arbitration on the Continent, and trusting that a European federation of peace societies would result. This was also carried. Cardinal Manning, in responding to a resolution thanking him for presiding, said that although they constantly talked of international law, in point of fact there was no such thing. They endeavoured to unite the world by diplomacy, but notwithstanding the efforts of diplomacy, when a great man had really made up his mind to break an international contract he simply put the sword through it. In his opinion, there could be no union between nations until a unity of men's wills and peaceable dispositions were restored, and the feeblest efforts that they could make in that direction and to bring men back to the moral law was an absolute duty which devolved upon every member of civilised society.

The Fishmongers' Company has granted £100 to the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching.

The London Hospital has received £2000 from the Goldsmiths' Company, and £210 from the Fishmongers' Company.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, on June 23, the Duke of Teck, president, presented to Mr. Ellis, of Liverpool, the prize of fifty guineas for his Jubilee essay upon the plants and vegetable products introduced into this kingdom for use in the arts and manufactures and for food in her Majesty's reign.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain P. Busch, of the German steamer Teutonia, of Hamburg, in recognition of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the barque Minstrel King, of Swansea, whom he picked up at sea on May 24 and landed at Havre.

A large company attended Dulwich College on June 23, on the occasion of the annual celebration of Founder's Day. The first part of the proceedings consisted of speeches by the boys in Greek, German, French, and English. A scene from the "Frogs" of Aristophanes was rendered by Messrs. Fleming, Pratt, and Parsons.

The eleventh annual Hound Show has been held at Peterborough. Eighteen packs entered, as against fifteen last year. In the first class for the best couple of hounds pupped since 1886 the Warwickshire was first and the Pytchley second, the Pytchley Paradox taking special prize for the best hound in the class.

Mr. Mundella, M.P., on June 23 opened an extension of the playground and gymnasium at the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, Upper Norwood. The work is partly an outcome of the Fawcett Memorial Fund, out of which £1682 was allotted to the college. Over £3200 has been expended, public subscriptions being relied on for the balance. Speeches were delivered by the chairman and Sir Lyon Playfair.

The Bishop of Wakefield was enthroned on June 25 as the first Bishop of the newly-created diocese. A reception preceded, in the Council Chamber at the Townhall, where three addresses were presented to the Bishop from the Mayor and Corporation, from the clergy and laity of the diocese, and from the laity of the rural deanery of Silkstone. After the Bishop had replied, the company adjourned to the Corn Exchange, where a company of about four hundred persons sat down to luncheon. The Archbishop of York presided. A procession was afterwards formed at the Townhall, and marched to the church, where, after the enthronement, the Archbishop of York delivered an address.

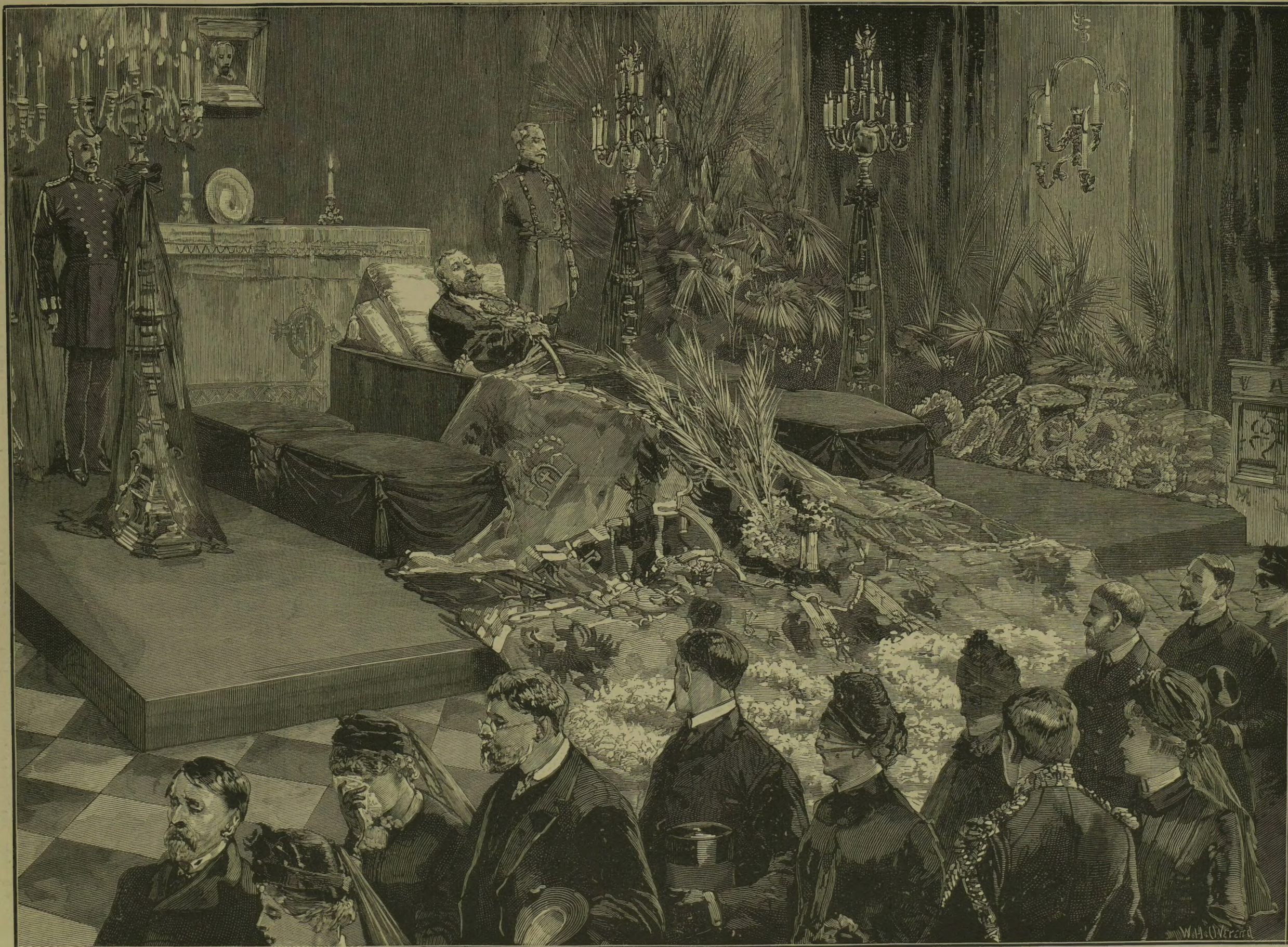
FUNERAL OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR FREDERICK III.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



FIRING THREE SALVOES BY THE GRENADIERS OF THE 1ST REGIMENT OF GUARDS.



FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE FRIEDENSKIRCHE AT POTSDAM.



THE EMPEROR LYING IN STATE IN THE JASPER HALL OF THE FRIEDRICHSKRON PALACE, SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

This grand celebration at the Crystal Palace took place during the week just ended, closing on Friday, June 29. We have already given an outline of the antecedents of these festivals, and of the arrangements for that just terminated, and can now only record the earlier proceedings thereof. The public rehearsal in the same building occurred (as already briefly stated) on Friday, June 22. Although styled a rehearsal, the long previous preparation of the chorus in detached local sections, together with the experiences of previous years' co-operation of many of the executants, resulted in such efficiency that there were few of those stops and recommencements which usually characterise a rehearsal. The pieces so given on June 22 were drawn from the programmes of the three following days' performances. The music rehearsed will, of course, be more fitly spoken of in reference to its performance on subsequent days. As regards the rehearsal it need only here be said that it afforded good presage of the great efficiency to be realised in the performances, the chorus singing having been exceptionally fine.

"The Messiah," on June 25, included the co-operation of Mesdames Albani and Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley as solo vocalists; but, as in performances on so vast a scale, in so enormous a space as that of the Crystal Palace, the choral music is that which generally produces the greatest effect, our first reference must be thereto. The gigantic choir—in association with an orchestra of proportionate dimensions—gave the sublime choruses of Handel's sacred masterpiece in a manner that must have produced a thrilling impression on every hearer, even on those to whom the occasion was no novelty; while those who had had no previous experience of such results must have been affected in a way hitherto unknown to them. The movements "For unto us" and "Hallelujah"—besides several others—were sung with marvellous precision and balance of power. Indeed, such fine chorus-singing has scarcely been realised at any previous Handel Festival. The soprano solos were admirably rendered by Madame Albani, who was equally successful in the bravura style of "Rejoice greatly," and the sublime pathos of "I know that my Redeemer." Madame Patey gave, with her usual expressive power, the contralto solos, including, of course, "He shall feed" and "He was despised." The tenor solos found also, as often before, fine interpretation from Mr. E. Lloyd. His delivery of the pathetic "But Thou didst not leave" and the declamatory "Thou shalt break them" was among several special effects produced by the singer; others of the day having included Mr. Santley's rendering of "Why do the nations" and "The trumpet shall sound" (the latter with Mr. McGrath's trumpet obligato). The oratorio was preceded by the Dead March in "Saul," and the National Anthem.

Of the two following days—the miscellaneous selection and the closing oratorio, "Israel in Egypt"—we must speak hereafter, ending at present with fresh recognition of the general excellence of the performances.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since the proceedings already noticed, Rossini's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" has been given, with Mdle. Sigrid Arnoldson as Rosina, in which character the young Swedish soprano appeared several times, with marked success, during Mr. Augustus Harris's Italian opera season at Drury-Lane Theatre, last year. Again she sang with brightness and acted with archness; her introduced aria in the lesson-scene was the shadow-song from "Dinorah," the encore of which was replied to by singing "Home, sweet Home." Signor D'Andrade sang well as Figaro, and the characters of Basilio and Bartolo were, as before, assigned respectively to M. E. De Reszké and Signor Ciampi, the former of whom sang finely and the latter with his usual exaggeration—each, indeed, having somewhat over-acted his part. Signor Ravelli was an acceptable Almaviva, and Mdle. Baumermeister a competent Berta.

On June 21 "Fra Diavolo" was performed, with Miss Ella Russell as Zerlina. The American prima-donna acted with sprightliness, and rendered Auber's bright and tuneful music with brilliant vocalisation, in which respect she was eminently satisfactory. The cast included the familiar feature of Signor Ravelli as the brigand chief, in which he sang under the apparent disadvantage of cold and fatigue: another repetition having been the Lord Koburg of Signor Ciampi, who was as farcical as ever. Signori Del Puente and Novara were excellent as the two robbers, Beppo and Giacomo; Mdle. Lablache was a very good representative of Lady Koburg; and Signor I. Corsi was efficient as Lorenzo. The week which comprised the performances above alluded to also included repetitions of operas recently given, again with very strong casts and to crowded audiences.

The following week's performances began on June 25 with the production of Mozart's "Il Flauto Magico." Pressure on space necessitates the postponement of a detailed notice.

The second and last farewell concert of Madame Christine Nilsson, at the Royal Albert Hall, could only be briefly recorded until now. The occasion drew an enormous and enthusiastic audience, who applauded to the echo the several performances of the great Swedish prima donna, in all of which her brilliant and refined vocalisation was displayed with special effect. The pieces set down for her in the programme were Rossini's "Bel Raggio"; Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair"; a pretty ballad by Balfe, "There is a shadow" (his last composition, written expressly for Madame Nilsson); the "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore" (in association with Mr. Sims Reeves); and a pleasing song, entitled "Lost," by Mr. L. Engel, who accompanied it. The jewel-song from "Faust" was also given in substitution for one of the encores. Other effective vocal performances were contributed by Mdle. Douilly, Madame Sterling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, Signor Foli, and M. Noije (a successful first appearance), besides instrumental solos by Mdle. Janotha (pianoforte), Mdle. Eissler (violin), and Mr. L. Stern (violinocello).

The Charles Hallé chamber music concerts at St. James's Hall are approaching the end of the series, seven of the eight performances having taken place. At the latest, on June 29, the programme included Rubinstein's pianoforte trio (No. 4) in A minor, for the first time here, and other interesting features.

On June 25 the seventh of the present series of Richter concerts took place at St. James's Hall. The instrumental programme comprised Beethoven's overture in C, entitled "Namensfeier," a selection from Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen," and the prelude to his "Parsifal," the concluding portion of the concert consisting of M. Saint-Saëns's symphonic poem, "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and Schumann's symphony in D minor. The Wagner selection included the "Preislied" and the "Probelieder" from his "Meistersinger," finely rendered by Mr. E. Lloyd.

Herr Max Vogrich (pianist) and Madame Rees-Vogrich (vocalist) gave a second and last pianoforte recital, at Steinway Hall, on June 25, when their programme included a varied selection of pianoforte and vocal music.

M. De Pachmann's only pianoforte recital this season at

St. James's Hall, on June 23, included his brilliant performances in Beethoven's sonata, Op. 78, and shorter compositions by more modern masters, including Madame De Pachmann's clever theme with variations, and three charming pieces written expressly for the pianist by Mr. Cowen.

Dr. Hans Von Bulow's cyclis of four performances of Beethoven's pianoforte music has been one of the specialties of the season. The programme of the last (on June 26) was of equal interest with those of the previous occasions, having comprised the grandest of the long series of sonatas: that in B flat, Op. 106—a work unapproached in extent and elaborateness—and the sonata in A major, Op. 101, and the thirty-three elaborate variations, Op. 120, on a waltz by Diabelli.

The students' chamber concert of the Royal Academy of Music, at St. James's Hall on June 23, gave evidence of much talent on the part of several vocal and instrumental pupils of the establishment.

The first Italian concert in connection with the Italian Exhibition took place on June 23, when a programme of an appropriate national character included music by several Italian vocalists, and instrumental performances by Signor Passini (violin), Signor Bottesini (contrabasso), and Signor Ducci (pianoforte).

Mr. C. Hayden Coffin (the tenor vocalist who has recently acquired a deservedly prominent position) announced a concert at Prince's Hall on June 26, the programme of which included his co-operation with that of other esteemed artists.

The second and last of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel's excellent vocal recitals took place on June 27, as did the concert of Miss Friedländer, the esteemed vocalist; the farewell concert of Otto Hegner, the extraordinary juvenile pianist, having been announced for the next day.

Mr. John Thomas, the eminent harpist, gives his grand harp concert at St. James's Hall on June 30.

Mdlle. Patrice's annual concert and entertainment is announced for July 4 at St. James's Hall.

Among the many miscellaneous concerts recently announced (more numerous this season than ever) were those of Mdle. L. Dufour, Miss F. Emerson, Miss K. Talbot, Mr. J. A. Bovett, and Miss B. Cox (vocalists), and Mdle. J. Douste (pianist), Signor Vittorio Carpi, and Herr Josef Ludwig and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse.

By command of her Majesty, the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will in future be known as the Royal Choral Society.

THE FUNERAL SALUTE AT HELIGOLAND.

The little island in the German Ocean, thirty miles off the mouth of the Elbe, has belonged to Great Britain since 1807, but its inhabitants are on the most friendly and neighbourly terms with Germany; and the funeral of the Emperor Frederick was honoured by firing a military salute. Mr. Hamilton Macallum, the artist, made a sketch of the scene during this performance, which is the subject of one of our illustrations. A lively description of Heligoland will be found in that very entertaining book, "A Wanderer's Notes," by Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, recently published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in two volumes, which contain a great variety of amusing narratives of travels and visits to places all over Europe.

There was a private view of the objects of art lent for exhibition in the Bethnal-green Museum, by the Hon. W. F. B. and Mrs. Massey Mainwaring on June 27. The collection, which is especially rich in examples of Dresden china, old silver plate, and furniture, is open to the public.

A bazaar, for the aid of the restoration fund of St. Peter's Church, Saffron-hill, was opened on June 27, by Princess Henry of Battenberg, at the Holborn Townhall, and continued on the next two days. It was called The Charles Dickens Bazaar, the parish being the scene of "Oliver Twist," and Mr. Dickens having written some of his most famous works in the neighbourhood.

The eighty-second anniversary festival of the Licensed Victuallers' School, Kennington-lane, will take place at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, July 3, under the presidency of Mr. Alfred H. Bevan, of the firm of Barclay, Perkins, and Co. The institution wholly maintains, clothes, and educates nearly 250 children of deceased or distressed members of the trade, at a cost of £7500 a year.

Sir James Paget, presiding over the annual meeting of the St. Pancras' Female Orphanage, on June 25, stated as a fact that must be almost without precedent that in twenty years not two deaths had occurred in the institution. Mr. Worrell presented the report, in which the trustees expressed their thanks to Mr. Lawson, M.P., for a donation of £100, and to the Countess of Dartmouth and other ladies who held the bazaar at the Royal Park Hall, by which £165 was realised. The subscriptions amounted to £109, including £60 from the Camden Town Tradesmen's Ball Committee.

The annual show of the Herefordshire Agricultural Society was recently held at Tenbury. In its general merits the exhibition compares favourably with previous years. The cattle and horses showed an increase; but the other classes, with the exception of sheep, a falling off. In a Herefordshire show the cattle of Herefordshire breed should, of necessity, be strong in numbers and points. Horses made an especially good show, and the jumping competitions were a great attraction. One of the useful features in the show was the working dairy, where addresses were given on the essentials of successful butter-making, as distinguished from rule-of-thumb work. Butter-making competitions took place. The implements were a strong show; but there was nothing absolutely new among the appliances, though some of the machines contained improvements.—At the annual meeting of the members of the society, at which Mr. John Taylor presided, it was resolved to accept an invitation from the citizens of Hereford to hold the 1889 show in that city. Lord Chesterfield was elected president of the society for the ensuing year.

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NEW BOOKS.

Manual of Artistic Anatomy (London: Baillière, Tindall, and Co.).—The aim which Mr. Sparkes has had in view in this work is to popularise for art-students the somewhat dry textbooks of scientific writers. He does not in the least depreciate the value and, after a certain stage is reached, the necessity of the life-model; but he holds that the student's task may be rendered easier, and his work more satisfactory, if he comes to his study of the completed work with a previous knowledge of the scaffolding on which it rests. In other words, Mr. Sparkes starts the artist with the skeleton of the human body, and showing what are its natural grooves, projections, and depressions, he can more readily build upon that framework the muscles and flesh which compose the perfect figure. Recognising the difficulties and drawbacks which the dissecting-room presents to all but those who are forced to pass through its ordeal, he endeavours to substitute a careful and methodical study of the human frame, and furnishes a series of well-arranged and elaborate drawings of its different parts. Starting with the bones, he gives accurate drawings of those which compose the skull, the trunk, and the extremities; and then shows, by another series of plates, the relation of the muscles to each set of bones. The plates are very clear, and the explanatory text is not less so; and the result is a manual which, we hope, will attract attention not only from art-students, but from artists who year after year go on painting from the life-model apparently indifferent to what lies below a surface which they are content to depict in slovenly ignorance.

We welcome the appearance of the first number of a new periodical, *Artistic Japan* (Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.), which promises to place before English readers the position of art and industry in Japan in a way hitherto unattempted. The English edition of this journal, which appears simultaneously in Paris and London, is produced under the editorship of Mr. Marcus B. Huish, whose thorough acquaintance with early Japanese art will be an additional guarantee of its trustworthiness. The illustrations, which are exact representations of the Japanese originals, include a view of Lake Biwa, by Hiro-shigé, a painter of the popular school, born in 1793; a specimen of brocade silk, from a sixteenth century design; a number of ornamental designs after stencil patterns, and many others. The letter-press is, perhaps, somewhat slight in proportion to the number of illustrations; but the introductory notice by M. Bing gives a clear idea of the lines upon which it is intended to conduct this magazine. To artists and amateurs it cannot fail to present numerous features of interest; whilst to those who seek to introduce into our industries some of the fancy and delicacy by which Japanese products are distinguished, this publication will be of the greatest service.

Baths and Wells of Europe. By Dr. Macpherson (Edward Stanford and Co., Charing-cross).—The need for a third edition of this work is perhaps the best testimony to its popularity, and its publication at a moment when so many are asking themselves and their friends perplexing questions as to the best use of a summer holiday is most opportune. To such as have arrived at the foregone conclusion that Continental waters alone will afford the required relief from ailments of which they vaguely recognise the symptoms, Dr. Macpherson's plea on behalf of English baths and watering-places will address itself but feebly. Still, the fact remains that Bath, Buxton, Harrogate, and Droitwich offer remedial waters under conditions which cannot easily be surpassed; whilst for such as find in sea-air the best restorative, our coasts can compete on equal terms with even the much-vaunted resorts on the Mediterranean. Dr. Macpherson, however, is fully alive to the "wander-mania" which afflicts so many of his countrymen; and he consequently has put, in a concise and readable form, the special merits of the various French, German, Italian, and Iberian baths and wells to which invalids (real or supposed) of all temperaments and nationalities resort. He prefixes to his description of the various spots some useful hints on the uses of mineral waters and baths generally; and gives a few words of timely warning to those who are apt to think that some form of hydropathy must be beneficial to them in whatever condition they may find themselves. Dr. Macpherson then proceeds to classify the various waters for which so many virtues have been claimed, distinguishing the "indifferent waters" from the earthy, the sulphur, the salt, the purgative, the alkaline, and the iron springs of Europe. It is sad to be obliged to add that in a very large proportion the faith of the patient, together with the habits of regular life to which he must submit, will, in Dr. Macpherson's opinion, produce more effect than the waters themselves. In the additions and alterations by which the present edition of this book is marked, Dr. Macpherson has been obviously much indebted to the letters which have appeared in the *Times* on Austrian health-resorts, of which we see a collected edition announced for publication. In glancing through the places to which Dr. Macpherson makes reference apparently, from personal acquaintance, we notice, however, that some of his remarks point to a somewhat remote past. For instance, Ajaccio no longer suffers from the want of hotel accommodation; Niederbrunn (if Mr. Childers is to be credited) is a far more important "cure" than Dr. Macpherson suggests; Bussang, in the Vosges, has, for the last three or four years, been supplied with the most complete bathing and drinking arrangements; and Recoaro has not, for a still longer period, been within the Austrian frontier.

The Clothworkers' Company have made a second grant of £25 to the funds of the College Hall, London, which now occupies three houses, known as Byng-place, Gordon-square.

It has been ascertained that the value of the prizes to be offered for competition at Wimbledon, at the approaching meeting of the National Rifle Association, amounts to over £16,500, being the largest total yet given.

The festival dinner of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution will be held at Cannon-street Hotel, on Wednesday, July 4. Viscount Lynton, M.P., will preside, supported by the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Dorchester, the Earl of Strafford, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., and Mr. Alderman Cotton.

A meeting to promote the success of the Royal Agricultural Society's Exhibition, to be held next year in Windsor Great Park, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the society, took place at the Mansion House on June 25, the Lord Mayor presiding. Speeches were made by gentlemen of influence, and a committee was formed to raise a fund and co-operate with the local committee at Windsor.

There is fear of a water-famine at Liverpool. At a meeting of the Water Committee on June 25 it was announced that the water in store had decreased to 692,000,000 gallons, as compared with 2,457,000,000 this time last year, and this in spite of the fact that the supply had been restricted to six hours daily, and salt water used to water the streets and in some of the public baths. The recent rains have not benefited the Liverpool water supply, and a two-hours' supply daily is threatened.

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Her Majesty the Queen.

Jay's



H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge.

Royal Appointments
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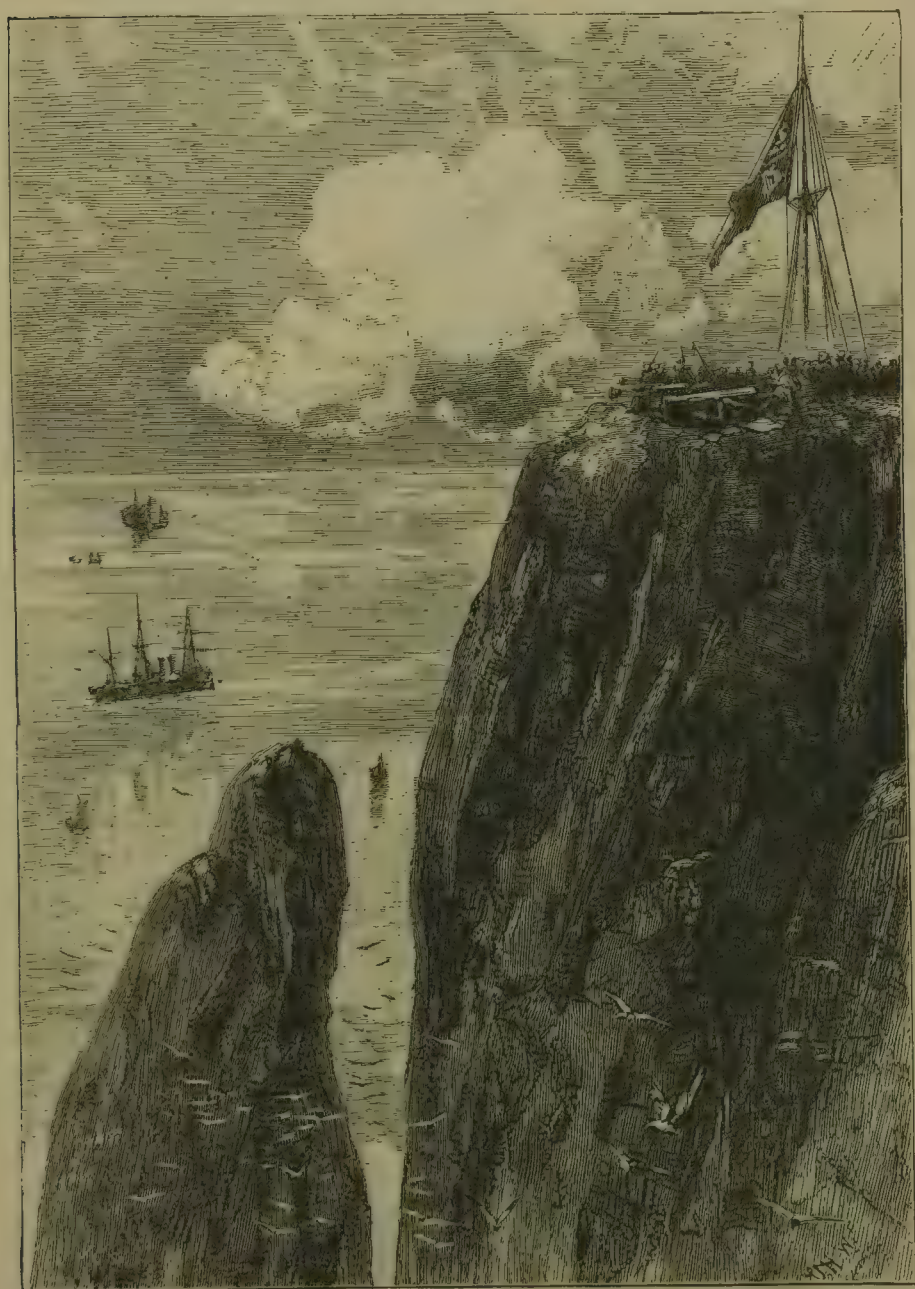
H.R.H. the late Princess Louis of Hesse.



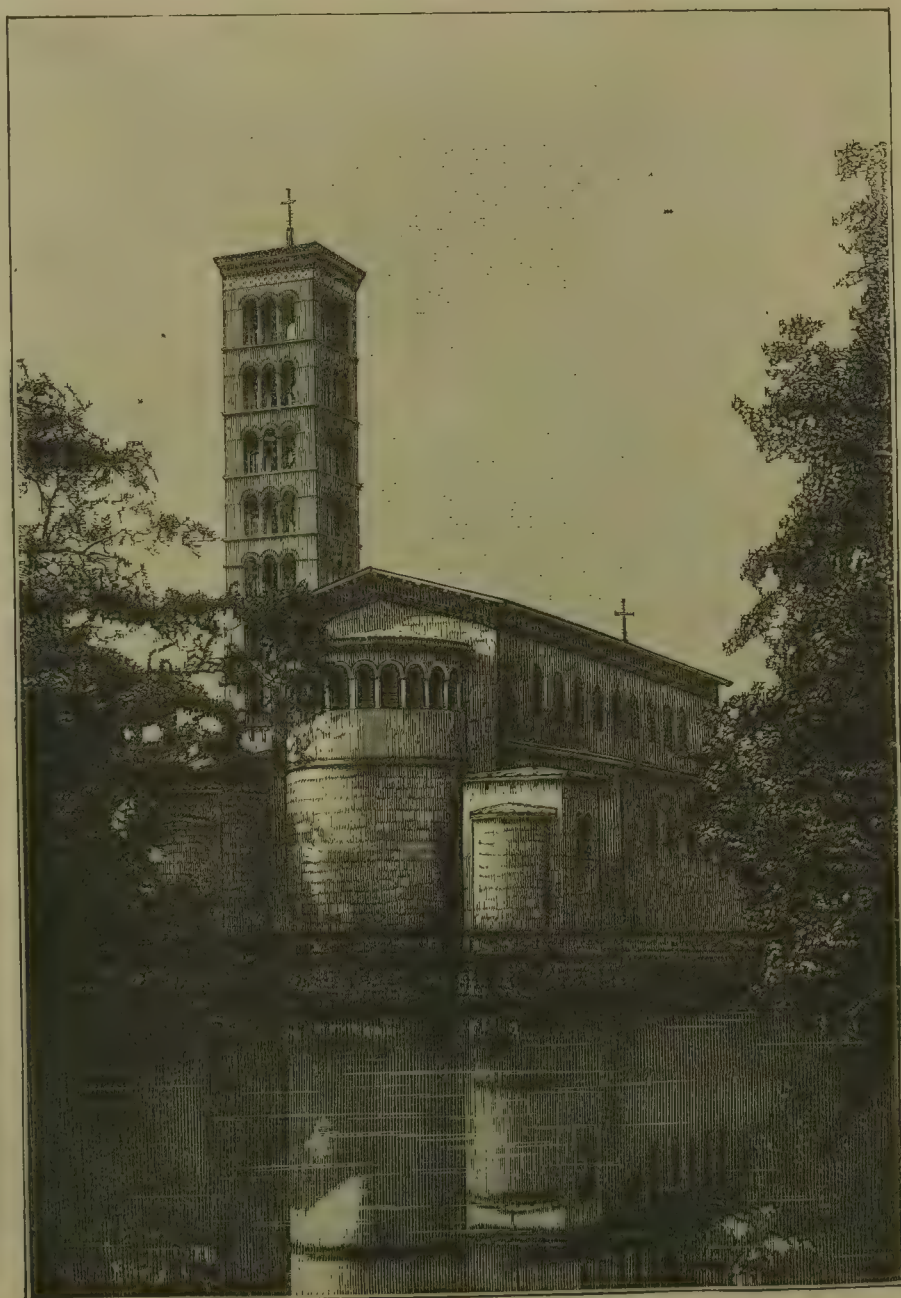
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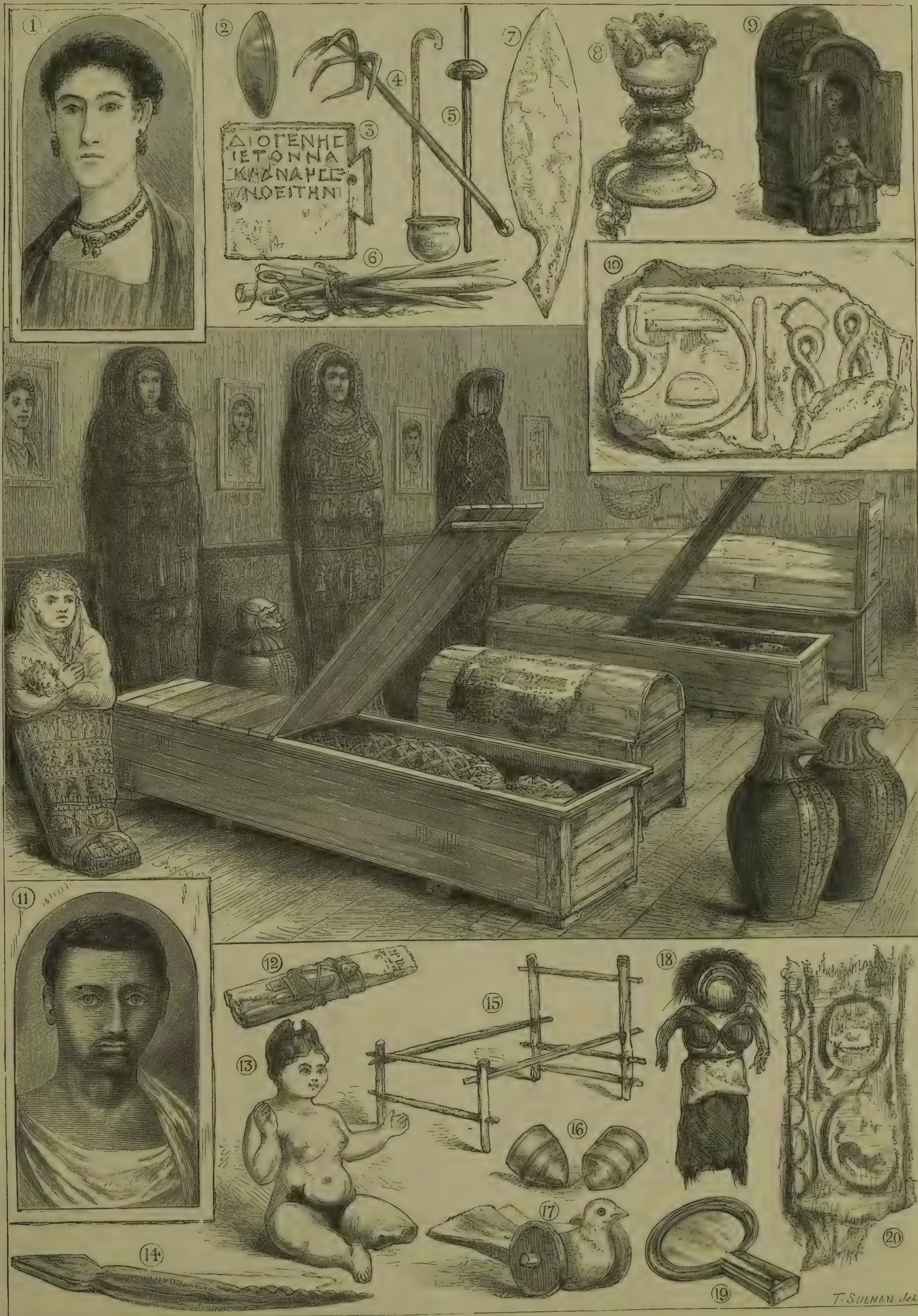


FUNERAL SALUTE AT HELIGOLAND.



THE FRIEDENSKIRCHE CHURCH AT POTSDAM IN WHICH THE EMPEROR IS BURIED.





The centre subject is a group of coffins, mummies, Canopic jars, &c., from the cemetery discovered by Mr. Petrie while excavating in the Fayoum.

1 and 11. Portraits in wax medium, from mummy cases.

2. Glass lens.

3. Mummy label, Greek inscription.

4. Flesh-hook and leaden ladle.

5. Women's spindle.

6. Bundle of leather-worker's needles, tied as found.

7. Flint knife, from temple area, Arsinoë, ago of the Ramesides.

8. Incense-burner.

9. Terra-cotta toy sedan chair, lady removable.

10. Fragment of the Labyrinth cartouche of Aménemhat III.

12. Papyrus charm and small image as found.

13. Terra-cotta doll, broken.

14. Toy crocodile.

15. Toy bedstead.

16. Boys' tops.

17. Toy bird, with wheels.

18. Rag doll.

19. Toy mirror of metal in wooden case.

20. Fragment of embroidery.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES IN EGYPT.

What tropical vegetation has done for Central America and Hindostan in concealing their architectural remains, the sands of the desert have done for Egypt, and many of those marvels which astonished the antique world have lain covered up from the eyes of men for generations uncounted. The art of Egypt, as expressed in architecture and sculpture, has, as we know, suffered much, as in other Eastern lands, from the action of earthquake, and of war, no less blindly pitiless and fitful. But in this, as in many other respects, the individuality of Egypt is emphasised, and Time's effacing fingers in her case creep over her untriflingly in the shape of desert sands.

The great Sphinx, looking far over the plains at Ghizeh with its calm eternal eyes, was, till the other day, buried neck-deep in the desert drift, and it may be almost said that the Pyramids alone have been able to spurn the effusive and ever-persistent advances of the wilderness. There are, however, countless cities in the Delta which have been submerged for many centuries under a perfect Zuyder Zee of sand, and it is only when travellers like Mr. Flinders Petrie, gifted with knowledge and sustained enthusiasm, and endowed with all the instincts of the explorer, address themselves to uncovering those lost and forgotten centres of the public life of the distant past, that we begin to realise for ourselves the startling relevancy of that past to the present. The Assyrian sculptures brought to this country by Layard give a far better idea of the grandeur of that city by the Tigris whose founder was a mighty hunter before the Lord, than whole libraries of written matter. So, again, the gilded mummy cases with their painted portraiture—which their discoverer, Mr. Flinders Petrie, is now

exhibiting to the public in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly—are quite a revelation, especially as regards the limner's art during the Roman occupation of Egypt—or, to be a little more precise, during the second and third centuries of our era. This marvellous find enables us to follow the history of art in its transition from the stereotyped forms of Egypt to the lifelike paintings of Græco-Roman art.

Mr. Flinders Petrie seems to have devoted his life to Egyptian research, and during the last seven or eight years has spent every winter in Lower Egypt and its neighbourhood. But it was in the spring of this present year that, searching for the remains of the Labyrinth described by Herodotus—which he not only discovered, but was able also, by means of a fragment of hieroglyphed limestone, to identify the pyramidal tomb of its builder, Amenemhat III., of the 12th Dynasty—he happened upon an extensive cemetery belonging to the Græco-Roman period. And here, again, the individuality of Egypt asserts itself, in the view of that wonderful civilisation, which is the fountain-head of all our Western knowledge, yielded not only by her palaces, but by her tombs. This cemetery or necropolis covers about a hundred acres, and Mr. Flinders Petrie makes its existence known to the world for the first time. It appears to lie near the site of the Labyrinth which for so many ages was the wonder of the world. Mr. Petrie has exhumed hundreds of mummies and countless objects of interest buried with the dead—such as amulets, funerary vases in limestone, in which the Egyptians placed the viscera of the departed, and other objects. The lids of these canopic vases represent the heads of various animals, such as the hawk, the jackal, the ape, and others; while the vases themselves are quite classical in their contour. Some of these, as well as several of the children's toys, including a bedstead, a terra-cotta sedan chair, an incense-burner, a rag doll, and a couple of tops such as British boys spin to-day, a tinned copper mirror, a set of leatherworkers'

needles, a round glass lens for concentrating light, such as our policemen carry in their lanterns, a wheel bird, a flint knife, a child mummy—are represented in our wood-cuts; but what is most interesting to the art-student is the splendid series of portraits painted on panel with a wax medium. They are mostly full-face and life-size, and were fastened over the faces of the elaborately bandaged mummies. In most instances, the body itself is crossed and recrossed diagonally with narrow bands of a white woven fabric, so as to form a pattern of sunken lozenges, in the centres of which are small round gilt knobs. The manner in which this lozenge-shaped opening, by slight gradations, narrows itself to the bottom is mathematical in its nicety, and the general effect is rich and soft.

With the thorough conviction of the soul's immortality, the Egyptians in all ages did their best to make death beautiful; but in the Ptolemaic and Antonine epochs Greek art, which is the presentment of Nature herself, was grafted on to Egyptian conventionalism, and beauty was crowned with joy. "Think not of the wan, sunken face within," the artist seems to say to us; "but remember your dear lost one as she lived, with the glow of life quivering on her cheek and the light of life beaming from her eye." These heads are by various artists, some of them wielding a brush as vigorous as that of Velasquez, and others a pencil as delicate and refined as that of Sir Frederick Leighton or Bouguereau. There is no mistaking the fact that they are all veritable portraits of men and women who have been confined these seventeen centuries, and it is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Petrie's matchless treasures will find their ultimate home in the National Gallery and British Museum.

J. F. R.

Earl De La Warr on June 21 opened the new reading-room and institute at Bexhill, built as a Jubilee memorial.

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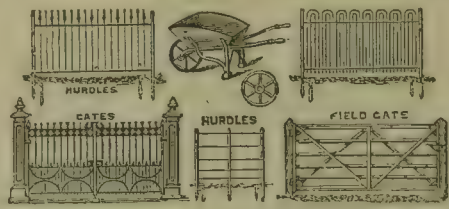
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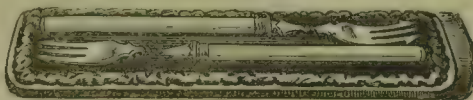
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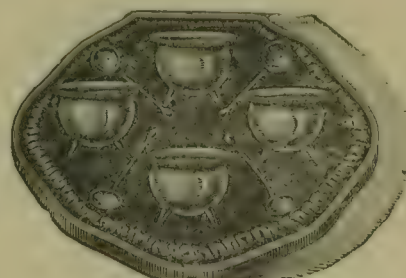
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100 guineas. N.B. The railway return fare will be refunded to
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residence is within 200 miles of London.—91, Finsbury-lane-
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DINNEFORD'S EMOLLIENT CREAM. 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.,
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One of the most renowned and best conducted in Europe.
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Theatrical season, May to October; concerts, comedy,
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Accommodation superior. Moderate charges.
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Junction at Kaltbad for the Rigi-Scheideck.

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Hôtel des Diablerets. Well-kept, first-class house,
situated at the foot of magnificent glaciers, and in direct com-
munication with Thonon and Interlaken. Railway station at
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First-class Family Hotel, situated above the town, in a
large park. Magnificent panorama of lake and the Alps.
Charges strictly moderate.

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TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all trains to Yarmouth,
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To Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, and Harwich, Daily,
leaving Liverpool-street at 9.10 a.m. on Sundays, 8.25 a.m. on
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London, June, 1888. WM. BIRT, General Manager.

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(Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer COLUMBA or IONA, with Pass-
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of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the
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sea-breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the
hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths, and
there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with
every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort
in England.

Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean
coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the
Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts,
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There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in
the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special
facilities for recreation—not only by the favourable climate,
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restoration of health.

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among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border,
on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the
elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make
it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot
most frequented by travellers in Europe; in short, Monaco
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during JULY and AUGUST, by the magnificent Steam-
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comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Aber-
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week trip to the Baltic coast at Christiania, Copenhagen,
Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. Direct Steamers to the Orkney
and Shetland Islands from Aberdeen and Leith five times a
week. To Shetland in 15 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours, by the fast
and comfortable Steamers St. Magnus, St. Clair, St. Nicholas,
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64, Constitution-street, Leith; Charles Merrylees, Northern
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THE NORWEGIAN FIORDS, the BALTIC,
&c.—The steam-yacht VICTORIA 1804 tons register,
1500-horse power, R. D. LUNHAM, Commander, will be dis-
patched from Tilbury Dock as follows:—
July 21, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fiords.
Aug. 11, for 16 days' cruise to the Norwegian Fiords.
Aug. 30, for 30 days' cruise to the Baltic.
About Nov. 1 next it is proposed to make a CRUISE ROUND
THE WORLD.

The Victoria is always on view between her cruises, has the
Electric Light, bells, and all modern improvements. For
particulars apply to MANAGER, Steam-Yacht Victoria Office,
Carlton-chambers, 4, Regent-street, London, S.W.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL
SANATORIUM, in one of the finest all-the-year-round
climates known. Inland, bracing, 2300 ft. above sea-level,
just within the Southern Temperate Zone: good summer
and winter alike, no change of residence forced on the
invalid by the advance of the seasons. English society,
English church. The voyage from England or the United
States is a favourite fair-weather ocean trip. Terms, 10s. to
12s. per diem. Circular, with further particulars, from
CHARLES WILLIAM JONES, Esq., 39, Drury-buildings, Liver-
pool; or ARTHUR E. JONES, The Sanatorium, S. Paulo, Brazil.

HAY FEVER CURED BY

DR. DUNBAR'S ALKARAM, or
Anti-Catarrh Smelling-Bottle.

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IF inhaled on the first symptoms, ALKARAM

will at once arrest them, and cure severe cases in half an
hour. Sold by all Chemists, 2s. 6d. per Bottle. Address, Dr. Dunbar,
care of Messrs. F. Newbery and Sons, 1, King Edward-st., E.C.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR.

If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off,
use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively
restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour,
without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers."
It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting
the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are
not decayed. The Mexican Hair Renewer is sold by
Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath.

Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly
cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living
animalcules, leaving them pearly white, imparting a deli-
cious fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes
instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco
smoke; being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of
sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste,
and as a skin preservative, is recommended by Chemists and Perfumers
everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING (THURSDAYS, 2s. 6d.)

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

The BEST HOLIDAY PROGRAMME, a Trip to Bonnie
Scotland—A Visit to Glasgow's Great World's Fair; The
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GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

The Only International Exhibition in United Kingdom
in 1888. The Press of the World unanimously accord this
Exhibition the highest place in Exhibitions held in Great
Britain since 1862.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION

of INDUSTRY, SCIENCE, and ART.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

Patron—Her Most Gracious MAJESTY the QUEEN.
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OPENED ON TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1888, by their Royal
Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS of WALES.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

The importance of this Great International Exhibition
may be realised from the fact that during the first thirty
days on which the Exhibition was open, 1,066,221 persons
passed the Turnstiles.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

The Building and Grounds extend to Sixty Acres, and
are of exceptional beauty and convenience—comprising Kel-
vingrove Park, with its Ornamental Flower-Plots, Ponds, and
Fountains, and the slopes of Gilmore-hill, crowned by the
University Buildings.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

EXHIBITION OPENS, 9.30; CLOSURE, 10 p.m.

HER MAJESTY'S JUBILEE GIFTS.

IN THE KELVINGROVE MUSEUM.
Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to
permit her Jubilee Presents to be placed in the Museum under
the care of the Exhibition Executive. This, in all probability,
will be the last time these Presents will be publicly exhibited.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

FINE ART SECTIONS.
Paintings and Sculpture form an important part of the
Exhibition; for their accommodation Ten Galleries have been
constructed, Fire-proof, and lighted with Electricity. Works
by both deceased and living British Artists are included, and
contemporary Continental Art is largely represented.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

MACHINERY IN MOTION.
A prominent feature of the Exhibition is the Vast
Machinery Annex.

GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

Naval Exhibits and Life-Saving Apparatus, Electric and
Steam Launches, Gondolas and Gondoliers from Venice. The
River Kelvin, which intersects the Grounds, has been made
available for this interesting class of Exhibits.

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British Artisans' Section, Women's Art and Industry
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ing, &c.

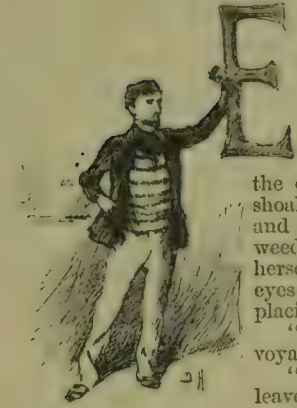
GLASGOW International EXHIBITION.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I used to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murmuring streams, that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul!
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers;
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!"



Murdoch's silver tinkle summons us within.

EARLY on this fair morning the welcome sunlight is all around us—touching here and there on the red roofs half hidden among the willows and elms, making the old-fashioned inn and the ivied bridge quite picturesque, and striking into the clear water so that we can see shoals of small fish darting this way and that over the beds of green weed. And here is Miss Peggy—herself as radiant as the dawn; her eyes shining, and without malice; a placid content upon her tranquil lips.

"So this is the last day of our voyage?" she says.

"The last full day. We shall leave a few miles to do to-morrow, so as to get into Reading about noon."

"When one looks back," she says rather pensively, "all those places we have seen appear to be very far away now. Doesn't it seem ages since we saw Windsor Castle, with the Royal standard high up in the pale blue sky? Do you remember the fearful rain at Oxford—and the floods?"

"And Mr. A'Becket?—yes. Tell me, did you ever answer the letter he was so kind as to send you about the antiquities of Gloucester?"

"Well, I did not," she says hastily. "Don't you think your wife will do that for me? She ought. The information was for the whole party."

"We shall be having some photographs of the boat done at Reading; you can send him one of those: that will square accounts."

"Do you remember the flooded Cherwell—and how the Banbury people helped us—and then those moonlight nights at Warwick, and the ghostly drive to Kenilworth? Then came the quiet meadows about Stratford?"

"Yes; and the sudden appearance of Rosalind in a sitting-room of the Shakespeare Hotel?"

She looks up quickly. "You weren't reading your paper all the time?"

"Not all the time." She laughs a little. "I half suspected it. I was sure a man's curiosity would get the better of him. They talk about women! I thought you weren't so much taken up with politics. Well, what did you think of the performance?"

"I thought it was very clever—until you jumped behind the curtain, which Rosalind wouldn't have done. Rosalind wouldn't have been scared to death by a parlour-maid."

"I wonder who is likely to know most of what Rosalind would have done—you or I?" she says saucily.

"To-night will be our last night on board. You must have the costume still with you. May we hope for a repetition?"

"Before Mr. Duncombe? My gracious, no!" she exclaims. "I shouldn't mind Colonel Cameron so much—for your wife went and told him all about it; but Mr. Duncombe—no."

"Why, what can it matter? If you have worn the costume at a fancy-dress ball?"

"Yes; that's just where it is," she says. "You don't mind any sort of nonsense, if everybody else is in it. And I thought we might have some kind of masquerading, when we got into the Forest of Arden: that is why I brought the dress."

"And there was none?"

"No—for Colonel Cameron was with us then to keep us in order. Ah! well, I fancy a quieter mood was better fitted for those strange solitudes. Do you remember the night we sat outside in the starlight, listening to the nightingale—with the boat all lit up among the dark branches? If there are any ghosts in the Forest of Arden, they must have wondered what that fiery thing was, in among the willows. And all that, too, seems a long while ago, doesn't it?" she continues. "Do you remember the beautiful wood we rambled through on a quiet Sunday morning, just outside one of the tunnels? I suppose it must belong to somebody; but it looked to me as if no one had ever seen it before. Do you remember the primroses, and the wild hyacinths, and the red flower—what was it?"

"The campion."

"And then to leave all that beautiful place and the sunlight and go away into a black hole, scraping and tearing through the solid earth. We were getting used to the tunnels by that time, I think; but that first one—the great long one—was just a little too dreadful. Do you remember the unearthly voice—

My father died a drunkard,
And I was left alone,

and the small lamps far away in the darkness, and the red glow from the saloon showing us the rocky wall around us? I suppose if we had bumped hard against the side, it would have been Angel Gabriel for the whole of us. Then came the long sailing down the Severn—why, even that seems ages ago. I suppose it is because each day is so crowded with different experiences: one is so interested at the moment that you forget what has gone before—until one looks back. And there will be a great deal of looking back when once it is all over and we are in London again. It will be an occupation for many an evening—if you will allow me to come and see you sometimes."

"We will allow you to come and see us sometimes, if you are good."

"There is one thing," she resumes—as she is idly watching the small fish down in the clear depths; "I have got to know something of what England is really like. I suppose when I hear people at home talking about their trip to England I shall be saying to myself, 'What, you!—you think you have seen England? You haven't at all! You have only seen railway-England!'"

"Then you are returning to America?" one observes casually.

"Why, of course, I must go back," she says; "but for how long is quite a different matter. I think my friends at Bournemouth must have had enough of me."

"There's a house in London where your presence might be tolerated—indeed, they might even pretend to welcome you. And as you are going to Scotland with us in the autumn, in any case, why make two bites of a cherry?"

"You are very kind; but I think it will have to be America first and Scotland afterwards," she makes answer; and here the subject drops; for Murdoch's silver tinkle summons us within.

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She was clinging to the iron rail at the edge of the house-roof.

At breakfast there was clearly a foreshadowing of the end; for already these good people were beginning to talk of the chief impressions produced by this long water-ramble of ours. Miss Peggy's fixed ideas seemed to be the remoteness and the silence of those solitudes through which we had passed, and the profusion of wildflowers. Mrs. Threepenny-bit, on the other hand, had some fancy that in these rural wanderings you got to understand something of the hold that the Church of England has on the national mind—the prominence of it even in the landscape—the small, venerable, strong, square-towered building dominating the tiniest village, the great Cathedral the principal feature, and the proudest possession, of the town. These imaginings were vague, but we knew the sentiment that prompted them; and we knew that the importance accorded to the Church, whether in hamlet or in city, must have been grateful to her heart. Jack Duncombe said that his chief recollection was of waking up among willow-branches and wondering what part of the world he was in; also that red blinds are capital things for windows, for they tell you in a moment whether there is sunlight outside or not; for the rest, he looked back upon a most judicious combination of exercise and idleness; and then he wound up with something very nice and appropriate about the companionship he had enjoyed, which was, no doubt, fully appreciated by his hostess and our pretty Peggy. Amid all these pleasant souvenirs, what was our surprise to find that Sir Ewen Cameron—the gentle Inverfask—alone was moved to rage and resentment?

"I don't mind owning it," said he, "but for the rest of my life I shall cherish an undying hatred of the cuckoo. It is a pity. You think of the cuckoo as the spirit of the woods—why, you might take it as the presiding genius of a trip like this. The beast! I never knew him before. In season and out of season—in the times of heaviest rain—when not another bird is astir—when everything else is as still as the grave—that fool of a fowl keeps calling away, with a persistency that is simply maddening. I shall never hear a cuckoo-clock without wanting to drive a charge of No. 4 shot through the works of it. I used to like the cuckoo. I would no more have dreamed of shooting one than of shooting a wren or a robin."

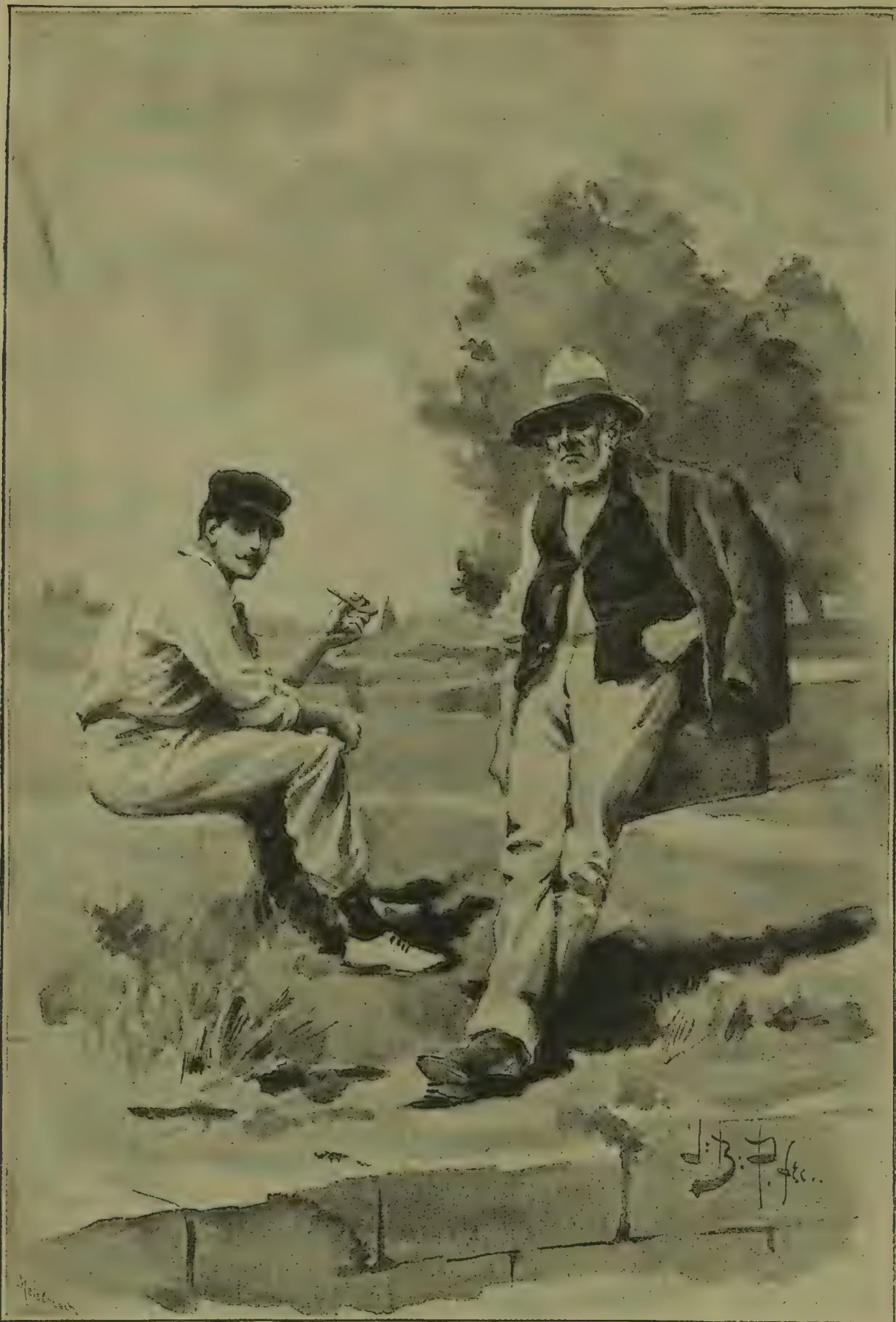
"Sir Ewen, you wouldn't shoot a cuckoo!" Mrs. Threepenny-bit cried.

"I won't say 'Yes,' and I won't say 'No,'" he answered

darkly; "but it would be awkward for the cuckoo if it happened to come in the line of my gun. There's a blood-feud between us henceforth. Fortunately, I never heard of any cuckoo being in the Inverfask neighbourhood; so there won't be any temptation there."

This was a perfect day for the last. The overarching blue had not even a speck of cloud; the atmosphere was singularly clear and vivid; a fresh breeze tempered the heat of the sun, and stirred the water into shining breadths of silver. Nor was there any want of exercise for those so inclined; for this Kennet and Avon Canal seems to have quite fallen out of use; and not only had we to open the locks and the swing-bridges for ourselves, but these had grown so stiff that it was with the greatest toil and difficulty we got through. Occasionally our man-power proved insufficient; dust and stones had soldered up the junction between the bridge and the roadway so that the former refused to move on its pivot; in which case we had to get a rope and affix it to the horse, and then with his hauling and our pushing the slow-creaking thing would begin to revolve—to the no small wonderment of the cottagers. As there was no one at all looking after the locks, in order to save time Jack Duncombe and Captain Columbus went on ahead to get them open for us; and as the Young Dramatist was rather fond of hard work, he had plenty of it over those rotten old gates and paddles. When they had got the lock ready, we could see them, a long way off, sitting in the sunlight—in their shirt-sleeves—awaiting us; and a rumour that subsequently prevailed, to the effect that Captain Columbus utilised these intervals of rest in "snatching" pike from among the reeds—by means of an unholy instrument that he possessed—is almost certainly groundless. At least we had no pike for dinner that evening.

Our route at first lay through a long stretch of level marsh-land bounded on the north by a range of hills, on the wooded slopes of which are set a series of noble mansions, but at such distances apart that no doubt each proud owner, girt about by his "policies," is monarch of all he surveys. As we glided along through the hawthorn-scented air, our chief difficulty was to tell whether we were on a river or a canal, for the Kennet and Avon Canal and the river Kennet intertwist themselves in a remarkable manner, and seem to have all their chief characteristics in common. Which was it—as we were getting on to Newbury—that showed us, through the pellucid water, large subaqueous



We could see them a long way off, sitting in the sunlight, in their shirt sleeves.

forests of various hues of green, with prodigious numbers of good-sized perch hanging motionless—or only moving a fin—until the prow of the Nameless Barge was almost on them, when they would make a sudden shoot out of danger? Miss Peggy was called to the bow of the boat to watch this performance. Fat fellows those perch were, with their striped sides and red fins; and mostly they lay in the clear spaces among the weeds, so that we could see them distinctly enough; nay, the wonder was that they were so long in seeing us, for again and again we seemed to be on the point of running down one of them when the plump little water-zebra would make a sudden dart aside. It was rather pleasant to cleave through this transparent world of wonders—at least, Miss Peggy seemed to find it so. She was clinging to the iron rail at the edge of the house-roof, so as to make sure she shouldn't go over; sometimes she hummed a bit of "Kitty Wells," but in no mournful mood; the sunlight twisted strands of gold among the soft brown of her hair; no doubt she felt the velvet-blowing breeze cool and fresh about her face. There was no need for all of us to be labouring away at those rotten old locks. Some people liked gratuitous work, and no doubt it did them good. Even Sir Ewen Cameron, who was usually active enough, had not joined that volunteer brigade; he was sitting in the stern-sheets, talking to his hostess—and in a sufficiently serious manner. We did not know what he was consulting her about, and we did not care. We were bent on catching a perch asleep, and a hundred and a hundred times we were so nearly succeeding that it seems hard to call the result a defeat.

About mid-day we came in sight of Newbury, the pink houses of which looked very pleasant among the golden meadows and the various greens of poplar and maple. A brisk and lively little town we found it to be, and of much quaint picturesqueness in its setting and surroundings; and perhaps Queen Tita regarded it with all the greater favour that she was almost certainly ignorant of its ancient renown. For what would she have said if she had been told that a body of Newbury clothweavers had actually been audacious enough to march to Flodden Field? She would have indignantly denied that it was by their ell-wands the "Flowers of the Forest" were a' wede away." As for the fighting in Charles's time, Newbury itself had probably but little to do with that: while the Newbury of to-day looks as if it never had much association with slaughter and bloodshed of any sort, so bright and

cheerful is it, and so full of a business-like modern activity. Not that we lingered very long in the place after having paid a visit to the telegraph-office and also made a few purchases. We returned to the Nameless Barge, which was attracting a vast amount of notice at the bridge, and had her pushed along into a place of quietude and privacy; then Columbus and the Horse-Marine were set free to seek out their mid-day meal and also provender for the horse; and then we assembled in the saloon, which was pleasantly cool after the glare of the sun in Newbury streets.

At lunch a very important matter came on for discussion: it was the question as to whether the bye-laws of the Kennet Conservancy Board could be held to be binding on a free-born citizen of the United States. The fact is, we knew that a little later on we should be in the immediate neighbourhood of some very famous stretches of trouting-water, if not actually passing through them. We had an American split-cane rod on board, with plenty of light tackle and small flies. We had also an American on board. We English folk would, of course, pay attention to the notice-boards describing the awful pains and penalties incurred by anyone found fishing in the preserved waters; but did these rules and regulations apply in the case of a foreigner? Mr. Duncombe, who was a Lawyer as well as a Dramatist and a Short-noticer, was distinctly of opinion that they did not apply. Colonel Cameron, on the other hand, held that it was of no consequence whether they did or not. A free-born American, he maintained, would naturally fish wherever he wanted to fish, and would never dream he was committing a crime; while to prosecute him for so doing would be to raise a grave international question on quite insufficient grounds. If the Kennet Conservancy Board (he said) were to drag the two nations into war over a matter of this kind, their conduct would be severely animadverted upon by the newspapers. Mrs. Threepenny-bit pointed out that Peggy (if we were referring to her) could plead that she had never seen the notices in question; for an American—with experiences of advertisements displayed on every prominent feature of a landscape—instinctively and resentfully turns away from a board stuck up on a tree. The person at the head of the table wanted to know, as a matter of argument, what would be the result if the trout were consenting parties: if they only knew the chan held out to them, might they not gladly accept it, and take for their motto—"And Beauty draws us with a single hair?"

Finally, Colonel Cameron went to a certain fishing-basket, and coolly brought forth therefrom a book of flies. Without more ado, he was going to teach Peggy—it appeared—to break the law, and put us all in peril of jail.

We had a delightful stroll this afternoon along the banks of the winding water-way that is sometimes the canal and sometimes the Kennet, and sometimes both combined. The land in our immediate neighbourhood still continued marshy—here and there flushed pink with masses of ragged-robin; and occasionally there were nursery-beds of watercress, with clear rills running through them. The river-side path was profuse with wild flowers and long lush grass; and everywhere were hawthorn-trees and hawthorn-bushes smothered in bloom. A perfect silence prevailed over this wide, flat, swampy district, save for the cry of a startled peewit, or the distant soft tinkle of a sheep-bell. As to whether we paused at any point of our long ramble to allow our young American friend to try the split-cane rod, nothing shall be set down here: international complications should be studiously avoided.

As the mellow evening drew on apace, we began to think it was but little wonder the Kennet river was haunted by artists. To be sure, the country around seemed to us, who had been in more lonesome wilds, to have a kind of suburban look about it; but then we were drawing near to civilisation and the great highway of the Thames; while as for the Kennet itself, it seemed to woo the landscape-painter at every sylvan turn. Just before we got to Aldermaston, we passed along and under a magnificent avenue of overbranching elms and ash and poplar, and the masses of foliage, rising far into the evening sky, were aglow in the now westering light. Aldermaston itself—or such outlying bit of it as was visible to us—had "F. Walker" written on every feature of it—the wide river, the shallow fords, the sandy banks, the trees and scattered cottages warmed by the quiet sunset radiance. When we got to our moorings for the night—under some tall larch-trees in private grounds, the owner of which was most courteous to us—there was the faintest touch of crimson low down in the west, and the pale crescent of the new moon hung in the golden-clear sky.

It was our last night on board; and yet it cannot be said we were a particularly mournful company. No; for in spite of all kinds of sinister warnings and prophecies—and in spite of difficulties that at the moment threatened to be insurmountable—we had brought our expedition to a successful issue; and all we had to do now was to celebrate our triumph by a little frolic at Henley, to aid in which a few innocent young creatures of both sexes had been summoned. But in the meantime we had to decide what was to be done with the Nameless Barge. To-morrow we should be back in the Thames again, at Reading. Should we take her down to Kingston, whence we had started, and find her quarters there? Or should we send her up the river to Henley, with a view to the forthcoming Regatta?

"I will settle that matter for you," said Colonel Cameron, as we sat at dinner. "Or rather, I have settled it for you. I am going to buy this boat."

"Really!" says one of us, who seems to think he might have been consulted.

"Yes," he continues, in a very cool manner; "and I will show you why. If you keep her at Henley or anywhere else on the Thames, you will be continually planning trips and excursions, which will waste a great deal of your time. You will want to get value for your money. You would get value in one way; but not in another. She would be a standing temptation to you. Therefore I am going to buy the boat from you and take her away."

"But, Sir Ewen," Mrs. Threepenny-bit exclaims in amazement, "what on earth could you do with a boat like this?"

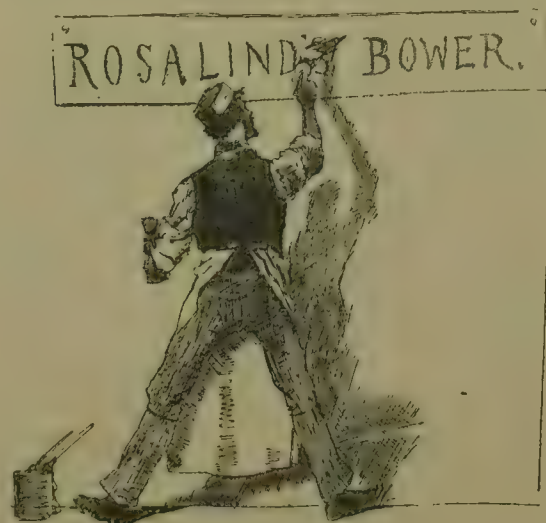
"I will explain that to you," says this tall Highlander, with great equanimity. "Just below the belt of wood at Inverfask there is a quiet little bay, very fairly protected by rocks—in fact, close to the shore it is perfectly sheltered. I propose to anchor a buoy some way out; and have a wire rope connecting it with the land; then, you perceive, by means of a traveller, you could run this boat along whenever you wished; and you would be out at sea, safe and secure—a small floating home that would be very convenient for a hundred things. You might want to give your visitors afternoon tea. Or you might have a little dinner-party in the saloon, for the fun of the thing: I have secured Murdoch—he will be captain, cook, and steward. Or you might be quite by yourselves; and if it was a hot evening—and the midges troubling you on shore—you just step on board, and haul yourselves out to sea. Or again, supposing Mr. Duncombe were coming round that way—I hope he will—and wanted a quiet day's work done, wouldn't that be a secure retreat for him? There could be no better isolation, surely, or more perfect silence: that would be a place to write!"

"It sounds tempting, certainly," young Shakespeare made answer—perhaps with wistful visions of *not* absolute isolation floating before his mind.

"Of course, you would have to ask permission," Inverfask continued; "and not from me. No, not from me; it is not for myself I propose to make the purchase; it is to be a little present."

Why was it that all this time our pretty Peggy had been sitting with eyes downcast? Did she know of this audacious scheme; and could it concern her in any way?

"Then," said he, "when I have got possession of the boat—and I have shown you how absolutely necessary and reasonable it is that I should get possession of her—to hand her over, that is—then she will no longer be known as the Nameless Barge. Oh, no; when she is at her new moorings in the north we must find a proper name for her." He looked across the table (and Peggy's eyes were still downcast). "And do you know what I propose to call her?—Well, I have been thinking I could not do better than call her ROSALIND'S BOWER."



THE END.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR.

On Monday, June 18, three days after his death, Frederick III., King of Prussia and German Emperor for three months, but for thirty years known in England as the beloved husband of our Queen's eldest daughter, a Prince esteemed and honoured by all mankind for the manly virtues of his personal character, a brave soldier in the cause of his own country, yet ever the friend of peace and humanity, and of constitutional freedom, was solemnly laid in the tomb, in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam. It was only needful for his body to be carried through the Park of Sans Souci from the Friedrichskron Palace, where he died; but a route was chosen through some of the streets of the town. The ceremonial and procession, of which our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, furnishes illustrations, exhibited little of Imperial and Royal pomp beyond that necessarily attending the funeral of a great reigning Sovereign, and the presence of the new Emperor and Empress, the neighbour King of Saxony, and several of the German reigning Princes or Grand Dukes, with the Prince and Princess of Wales and their eldest son, and other friends of the late Emperor, besides the high Court officials, Ministers of State, commanders of the Army, and heads of the main institutions and public services of the Prussian Kingdom.

We have described the Palace of Friedrichskron, formerly called "the New Palace," in which the late Emperor was born fifty-six years ago, and to which he was removed from Charlottenburg, near Berlin, on June 1, a fortnight before his death. The body had lain in state in the magnificent Jasper Gallery, where, and in the adjacent "Hall of Shells," the walls of which are covered with various shells and lustrous stones of every hue, now lighted up with wax tapers, the Imperial Court and family, and a privileged congregation, assembled around the coffin, about ten o'clock. There were the new Emperor and Empress, the King of Saxony, Prince and Princess Henry, the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, the Marquis of Lorne, the Grand Duchess of Baden, the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Crown Prince of Sweden, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, Princess Frederick Charles, Prince and Princess Albrecht, the Duchess William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Alexander of Prussia, the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia and Archduke Karl Ludwig of Austria-Hungary, the Duke of Anhalt, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxony, the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Duke George Louis of Oldenburg, Duke and Duchess John Albert of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Hereditary Prince of Anhalt, the Prince of Hohenzollern, Princes Edward and Albert of Anhalt, the Hereditary Princes of Hohenzollern and Waldeck, Prince Reuss (younger line), the Hereditary Prince of Reuss, the Hereditary Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince and Princess Frederick, and Prince Charles of Hohenzollern.

The Imperial, Royal, and Princely mourners were seated on chairs fronting the coffin; behind them were the Prussian Ministers of State. The Empress Augusta was wheeled into the Hall in an arm-chair, and sat next the Empress Victoria and the Grand Duchess of Baden.

The choir sang Bach's "Soon Thou callest me to higher joys," and "Jesus, my Refuge and my Saviour." The Court Chaplain offered up a prayer, and blessed the body, upon which the choir sang, "I know that my Redeemer liveth. Christ is my life. When I must depart do Thou appear as my Protector."

After this, the procession was formed, and the coffin was carried out to the bier by twelve Colonels of the Body-Guard. Following the Court officials, the family part of the procession was led by the Emperor, with the King of Saxony on his right, and the Prince of Wales, wearing a Prussian General's uniform, with the collars of the Garter and Black Eagle and the white bows worn by English Knights of exalted Orders, on his left. Prince Henry and the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen came next, followed by the rest of the Princes. The procession was closed by distinguished personages, marshalled in accordance with the Court etiquette.

In front of the Palace, in the garden under the trees, detachments of Guardsmen were drawn up in a semi-circle; on the right, coming out, were the cavalry, a squadron of the Royal Bodyguard in black cuirasses, the band of the Dragoon Guards, and a battery of the 1st Regiment of Field Artillery of the Guard, with their band; on the left, companies from the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Foot Guards; close to the Schloss, at the spot where the coffin was to be laid on the hearse, a company of the 1st Foot Guards, with the regimental band. The soldiers presented arms while the coffin was arranged on the bier and numerous costly wreaths and palms were laid on it. After a pause of a quarter of an hour, the procession started at a foot-pace, to the measured beat of muffled drums. A canopy was held over the hearse, which was drawn by six horses, draped in black velvet, embroidered with silver eagles, and bearing white waving plumes upon their heads. On the coffin was placed the Prussian helmet of gold; following it slowly paced the late Emperor's charger. Knights of the Black Eagle walked on each side of the funeral car. It was followed on foot by the Imperial, Royal, and Princely mourners, the late Emperor's Ministers of State and the members of the Federal Council, the Presidents of the Reichstag and Diet, and deputations from German towns and foreign regiments. The banner of the Empire was carried by Marshal Blumenthal, an old and deeply-attached friend of the Emperor, with whom he served as chief of the staff during the Franco-German War. At the head of a large body of Prussian Generals marched Field-Marshal Von Moltke, alone, and bearing his staff of command. Among the late Emperor's medical attendants who followed the car, walked Sir Morell Mackenzie, wearing the broad blue ribbon of the Prussian Order of the Crown.

After a detour through the streets of Potsdam, the procession stopped at the Friedenskirche, inside the gate of the Sans Souci Park. The coffin was borne into the church and placed on a platform carpeted with purple. In front of the altar, at the head of the coffin, was the marble Angel of Peace, bearing in her lap a book and trumpet, placed just over the vault where Frederick William IV. and his Queen Elizabeth, with the late Emperor's two young sons, are interred. Four tapers and a great cross adorned the altar. In the left gallery sat the Royal ladies, among whom was the Princess of Wales. The Emperor and the King of Saxony sat together in the first row on the right; on the left sat the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert Victor; the other Royal mourners occupied seats behind. The church was filled with officials of high rank in brilliant uniforms. The coffin was surrounded by officers of high position; at the foot stood the veteran Blumenthal bearing the banner of the Empire. Two Generals with drawn swords stood at either side.

While the mourners were taking their seats, the organ played Beethoven's Funeral March, and the choir sang a chorale, after which the Court Chaplain, Pastor Kögel, conducted a short service, and offered up a prayer; then, standing at the head of the coffin, with uplifted hands, pronounced the Benediction. A chorale was sung, and a salute was fired outside, indicating that the funeral service had been concluded.

The Emperor ascended the platform, followed by the King of Saxony, and both, kneeling, kissed the coffin. The Emperor remained for some minutes, his head bowed upon his hands. The Prince of Wales and other Royal mourners advanced and kissed the coffin. Last came Prince Albert Victor, conducting the Princess of Wales and the Grand Duchess of Baden, who took leave of the remains of their illustrious kinsman. The mourners then slowly retired from the church, the artillery firing a Royal salute.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 9, 1887), with a codicil (dated May 2, 1888), of Mr. Edward Charrington, D.L., of the firm of Messrs. Charrington and Co., the Anchor Brewery, Mile End-road, and Burton-on-Trent, late of Bury's Court, Leigh, Surrey, who died on May 19, was proved on June 19 by Harry Julian Charrington, the son, George Arthur Watson, John Frederick Bowman, and John Alexander Sellar, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £386,000. The testator gives £1000 to the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; £2500, an annuity of £5000, and all his jewellery, wines, consumable stores, horses, carriages, and Channel Island and Jersey cows and heifers to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana Charrington; he also gives her the use, during widowhood, of the plate, pictures, books, furniture, and effects at Bury's Court; his farming stock, plant, and growing crops to his eldest son, Nicholas Edward; the trust funds under his marriage settlement, on the death of his wife, to all his children, except Nicholas Edward; his real estate in Virginia to his son Percy William; his coffee estate in or near Mysore, Hindostan, to his son Mowbray Vernon; and several other legacies. He nominates his son Arthur Finch a partner in the London business. The residue of his property he leaves equally between his eleven surviving children; but certain sums received by them are to be brought into account in the division. He states that in the disposition of his property he has had regard to the fact that his eldest son will succeed to the Manor of Bures and the Bury's Court estate.

The will (dated April 1, 1886) of Miss Harriet Elizabeth Brooking, late of No. 3, Hyde Park-square, who died on May 28, was proved on June 13 by the Rev. Clavering Mordaunt Lyne and Edward Preston Banton, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £55,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her stocks and shares, preference or otherwise, in the Great Western and the London and North-Western Railways, upon trust, for her niece, Constance Caroline Eleanor Brooking; and legacies to trustees, sister-in-law, brother-in-law, and servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her sister, Mrs. Emily Agnes Lyne.

The will (dated July 29, 1885) of Mr. Edward Dudley, late of No. 32, Wheeley's-road, Edgbaston, Warwickshire, who died on May 14, was proved on June 14 by Mrs. Ellen Dudley, the widow, and Alfred Langham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, and all his furniture and effects, to his wife; and £500 to his executor, Mr. Langham. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death he gives legacies to cousins and friends; and the ultimate residue between Reginald Unwin Dudley, John Benjamin Davies, Henry Dudley Bateman, Walter Wood, and Percy Dunn.

The will (dated April 6, 1886), with two codicils (dated Dec. 8, 1887, and April 4, 1888), of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alfred Philipps Ryder, K.C.B., F.R.G.S., late of Wellswood, Torquay, Devon, who died on April 30 last, was proved on

June 20 by William Dudley Ryder, the brother, and George Lisle Ryder, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £33,000. The testator makes bequests in favour of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Augusta Ryder (the widow of his late son Edward Lisle Ryder), brothers, nieces, nephews, and brothers of late wife; and the residue of his property, including his freehold messuage Wellswood, he gives to his niece Mrs. Louisa Cornelia Newnham.

The will (dated July 10, 1885), with two codicils (dated Feb. 14, 1887 and Feb. 22, 1888), of Mr. William Bevan, late of No. 12, Bolton-gardens, South Kensington, who died on April 30 last, was proved on June 12 by Mrs. Margaret Bevan, the widow, William Macdonald Bird, Stonehewer Parker Freeman, and William Bevan, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, wine, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; and £1000, upon trust, for his daughter Margaret. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for all his children.

The will (dated May 10, 1883) of Vice-Admiral Sir William Nathan Wright Hewett, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., V.C., late of St. Elmo, Southsea, who died on May 13, was proved on June 18 by William Charles Hallett, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £2700. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife, Jane, Lady Hewett.

Lord Derby occupied the chair at the seventy-ninth annual dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund on June 20.

At a meeting of the Court of Common Council on June 21, a vote of condolence with the Queen in her bereavement by the death of the German Emperor was unanimously agreed to. A resolution expressing heartfelt sympathy with the Empress Victoria and the Imperial family was also adopted.

The Cambridge local examinations for persons above the age of eighteen have begun, at twenty centres. The total number of candidates is 973; 358 have entered for English literature, 226 for history, 160 for mathematics, 120 for theology, 350 for French, 170 for German, 72 for Latin, 11 for Greek, 7 for Italian, 60 for moral science, 50 for natural science, and 50 for music. The regulations for the higher examinations in December, 1888, and June, 1889, can be obtained from any of the local secretaries, or from Professor G. F. Browne, Syndicate-buildings, Cambridge.

The annual exhibition of work executed at the various classes established by the Home Arts and Industries Association was opened on June 21 at the Royal Albert Hall, and was continued on the following two days. The number of classes has very much increased of late, there being nearly 300, attended by some 4000 pupils, and consequently the exhibits were largely in excess of those of previous years. Among them were many well-executed specimens of wood-carving, repoussé, and metal work; embroidery, lace, mosaic, embossed leather, and pottery. One of the most interesting features is the contribution from the Princess of Wales Industrial Home at Sandringham, including, as it did, a book-cover of embossed leather, executed by her Royal Highness.

NEW TALE BY MR. BESANT.

A Serial Story, "For Faith and Freedom," written expressly for The Illustrated London News, by Mr. Walter Besant, will be commenced in our Number for July 7, the First of a New Volume, and be continued weekly to its close.

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

D. OF M.	D. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.		DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.				HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.									
			Rises.	Souths after Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets Morn.	Before Sunrise.		After Sunset.		London Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.											
								O'Clock.	Minutes.	O'Clock.	Minutes.	Morn.	Aftern.	Morn.	Aftern.										
			H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	S	5TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 50	3 38	8 17	0 8	Aftern.							C							7 12	7 37	4 13	4 37	183
2	M	Harriet Martineau died, 1876	3 50	3 50	8 17	0 27	1 27							23							8 3	8 31	5 2	5 28	184
3	Tu	Dog days begin	3 51	4 1	8 16	0 47	2 31							24							9 2	9 36	5 56	6 27	185
4	W	Garibaldi born, 1807	3 52	4 11	8 15	1 8	3 31							25							10 9	10 42	7 1	7 34	186
5	Th	Princess Helena married, 1866	3 53	4 22	8 14	1 33	4 39							26							11 11	11 40	8 7	8 36	187
6	F	Princess Victoria Alexandra of Wales born, 1868	3 54	4 32	8 14	2 0	5 41							27							—	0 6	9 5	9 31	188
7	S	John Huss burnt, 1415	3 55	4 42	8 13	2 35	6 41							28							0 30	0 51	9 55	10 16	189
8	S	6TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	3 56	4 51	8 13	3 17	7 35							29							1 12	1 34	10 37	10 59	190
9	M	Fire Insurance due	3 57	5 0	8 12	4 7	8 24							☉							1 55	2 13	11 20	11 38	191
10	Tu	Oxford Trinity Term ends	3 58	5 9	8 12	5 5	9 5							1							2 32	2 50	11 57	—	192
11	W	Peace of Villafranca, 1859	3 59	5 17	8 11	6 11	9 30							2							3 8	3 27	0 15	0 33	193
12	Th	John A. Kinglake (author) died, 1870	4 0	5 24	8 11	7 22	10 8							3							3 47	4 7	0 52	1 12	194
13	F	John Cooper (actor) died, 1870	4 1	5 31	8 10	8 36	10 35							4							4 27	4 47	1 32	1 52	195
14	S	Bastille destroyed, 1789	4 2	5 38	8 9	9 51	10 58							5							5 8	5 29	2 12	2 33	196
15	S	7TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 3	5 44	8 9	11 7	11 21							6							5 51	6 16	2 51	3 16	197
16	M	Massacre of Cawnpore, 1857	4 4	5 50	8 8	Aftern.	11 45							☾							6 41	7 7	3 41	4 6	198
17	Tu	Sir Frederick Arrow died, 1875	4 5	5 55	8 7	1 43	Morn.							8							7 31	8 4	4 32	4 59	199
18	W	Dean Stanley died, 1881	4 6	5 59	8 6	3 3	0 11							9							8 36	9 10	5 29	6 1	200
19	Th	Bishop Wilberforce died, 1873	4 7	6 3	8 5	4 22	0 42							10							9 47	10 22	6 35	7 12	201
20	F	Spanish Armada defeated, 1588	4 8	6 7	8 3	5 37	1 22							11							10 56	11 31	7 47	8 21	202
21	S	Robert Burns died, 1796	4 9	6 10	8 2	6 44	2 8							12							—	0 6	8 56	9 31	203
22	S	8TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 11	6 12	8 0	7 39	3 4							13							0 36	1 5	10 1	10 30	204
23	M	Ghuznee taken, 1833	4 12	6 13	7 59	8 23	4 10							14							1 33	1 59	10 58	11 21	205
24	Tu	Princess Victoria of Prussia born, 1860	4 13	6 14	7 57	8 58	5 20							15							2 23	2 46	11 48	—	206
25	W	St. James	4 15	6 15	7 56	9 27	6 31							16							3 9	3 32	0 11	0 34	207
26	Th	St. Anne	4 16	6 15	7 54	9 51	7 48							17							3 52	4 13	0 57	1 17	208
27	F	Battle of Ta'averna, 1890	4 18	6 14	7 53	10 12	8 58							18							4 34	4 53	1 38	1 59	209
28	S	Cowley died, 1667	4 19	6 13	7 51	10 31	10 5							19							5 13	5 31	2 18	2 38	210
29	S	9TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	4 21	6 11	7 50	10 52	11 12							20							5 50	6 10	2 56	3 15	211
30	M	Battle of Plevna, 1877	4 23	6 9	7 48	11 12	Aftern.							☾							6 30	6 50	3 35	3 55	212
31	Tu	Gray died, 1771	4 24	6 6	7 47	11 35	1 12							22							7 12	7 36	4 15	4 37	213

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR JULY.

The MOON will be near both Mercury and Venus on the morning of the 9th. She is near Saturn on the evening of the 10th. On the evening of the 16th the Moon is a little to the left of Mars, the planet, however, is 6 deg. south of the Moon, and she will be near and to the left of Jupiter during the evening hours of the 18th and early morning hours of the 19th. Her phases or times of change are:—
New Moon on the 9th at 17 minutes after 6 in the morning.
First Quarter " 16th " 13 " noon.
Full Moon " 23rd " 45 " 5 in the morning.
Last Quarter " 30th " 31 " 8 " evening.
She will be most distant from the Earth on the 3rd; nearest to it on the 19th, and again the most distant on the 31st.
MERCURY sets on the 1st at 8h 33m p.m., or 16 minutes after sunset; on the 3rd at 8h 19m p.m., or 3 minutes after the Sun sets. He rises on the 13th at 3h 57m a.m., or 4 minutes before sunrise; on the 15th at 3h 44m a.m., or 19 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 20th at 3h 15m a.m., or 53 minutes before sunrise; on the 25th at 2h 56m a.m., or 1h 19m before the Sun rises; and on the 30th at 2h 47m a.m., or 1h 37m before sunrise. He is near the Moon, in inferior conjunction with the Sun, and near Venus on the 9th, and at greatest western elongation (19 deg. 27 min.) on the 29th.
VENUS rises on the 1st at 3h 33m a.m., or 17 minutes before sunrise; on the 10th at 3h 32m a.m., or 6 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 13th at

3h 53m a.m., or 2 minutes before sunrise. She sets on the 8th at 8h 14m p.m., or 1 minute after sunset; on the 10th at 8h 16m p.m., or 4 minutes after the Sun sets, on the 20th at 8h 17m p.m., or 14 minutes after the Sun sets; and on the 30th at 8h 10m p.m., or 22 minutes after sunset. She is near the Moon on the 9th; is in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 11th. At least distance from the Sun on the 24th, and she is near Saturn on the 27th.
MARS rises on the 1st at 11h 51m p.m., on the 10th at 11h 25m p.m., on the 20th at 10h 53m p.m., and on the 30th at 10h 22m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 16th, and in quadrature with the Sun on the 22nd.
JUPITER sets on the 1st at 1h 28m a.m., on the 10th at 6h 50m a.m., or the 20th at 6h 10m a.m., and on the 29th at 1h 30m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 18th.
SATURN sets on the 1st at 9h 41m p.m., or 1h 27m after sunset; on the 9th at 9h 15m p.m., or 1h 3m after the Sun sets; on the 19th at 8h 38m p.m., or 33 minutes after sunset; and on the 29th at 8h 2m p.m., or 12 minutes after the Sun sets. He is near the Moon on the 10th.
There will be two eclipses this month. The first is a partial eclipse of the Sun on July 9. It begins at 50 min. after 4 a.m., in longitude 46 deg. east of Greenwich and latitude 43 deg. south, and ends at 12 min. after 8 a.m. in longitude 118 deg. east of Greenwich and latitude 51 deg. south. It is not visible from Europe. The second is a total eclipse of the Moon on the morning of the 23rd. It begins 5 minutes before 4 a.m., but the Moon sets at 10 minutes after 4 a.m.; the middle of the eclipse will be at a quarter of an hour before 6 a.m.; and it will end at 35 minutes after 7 a.m.



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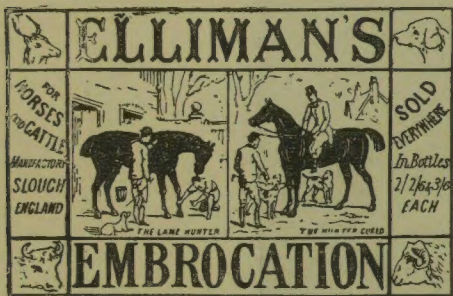
Chris. By W. E. Norris. Two vols. (Macmillan).—The light-handed deftness of this author makes his novels agreeable reading; and Christina Compton, left an orphan at the sweet age of seventeen, is a charming young person, when not armed with her formidable Spanish knife. But the substantial interest of her story is slender and soon exhausted. Her experience of life comes very quickly, showing that the world treats her differently when she is supposed to inherit only £300 a year, and when her miserly Aunt Rebecca has left her £90,000. We care for her rather more, indeed, in the earlier stage of her untutored girlhood, when she sits on a garden wall at Cannes, and runs in to breakfast with good old Dr. Lavergne, a kindly, wise, sarcastic, amiable Frenchman; or when she takes counsel with her faithful terrier dog, Peter, who is the equal, at least, morally and intellectually, of most of her human acquaintance. She had a tiresome trial, afterwards, in living with the niggardly, suspicious, querulous old woman in the dull house near Primrose Hill; and, being half-starved and her affections being outraged by the cruel poisoning of her canine friend, she may be pardoned the rash act of running away to France. But a young lady, after such an escapade, venturing to stroll alone in the Champs Elysées, ignorant and innocent of social "inconveniences," was risking a little too much. It is remarkable, however, that she should there be accosted, within a few minutes, by three young Englishmen who know her, but who scarcely knew one another. These rival pretenders to the hand of "Chris," not yet the great heiress she presently became, are Mr. Ellacombe, a boorish and sottish young squire of North Devon; the Hon. Gerald Severne, an attaché at the Paris Embassy and a thorough gentleman; and Mr. Val Richardson, a handsome, dissipated, profligate gamester, who had sought to win her heart at Cannes. Accidental circumstances, and her unguarded speech, aiding the consummate impudence of Richardson, allow Severne and Ellacombe to go away under the impression that Chris has eloped with this adventurer, and is to become his wife. She has not thought of doing so; but she is recaptured, an hour later, by her London guardian and cousin, Mr. James Compton, who thinks it a compromising situation, and saves appearances by consenting to a nominal engagement, to be deferred eighteen months, and to be conditional on Richardson's good behaviour. So Chris is taken back to her Aunt Rebecca, suffering much from tedious durance as before, and gradually finding that she does not trust or like Val Richardson now, while she cannot forget Gerald, whom she had met at Lady Barnstaple's, his mother's, house in Devon. Her deliverance from the hateful engagement is brought about by an attempted burglary; she hears a noise one night, comes downstairs with the weapon given her by a Spaniard at Cannes, finds a man carrying off her aunt's strong-box, and stabs him, but does not wound him badly; he is Val Richardson, desperately in want of four or five thousand pounds! Being well quit of him, and having let him escape without revealing his crime, the brave young lady, after a very short time, gets all her old aunt's boarded money, and retires to the friendly home of the Lavergnes on the Riviera; but her English acquaintance, now that she is rich, will not let her alone. Lady Barnstaple, who formerly considered her an uneligible match for her son Gerald, brings him and his sister Lady Grace to Cannes in evident pursuit of the heiress. The concluding act is quickened by Gerald's having to protect her in a last solitary walk from the insolent intrusion of Val

Richardson, and by satisfactory explanations of her adventure in Paris. Henceforth, being happily transformed into Mrs. Gerald Severne, the sprightly heroine no longer needs her trusty Spanish knife, and she has leisure to erect a handsome monument over the grave of her favourite dog. There may be readers who will think this a pretty story: girls who get tired of home like to fancy other girls running away, and novelists just now resort to this device with large freedom of invention. A nasty old aunt, however, is a better excuse for surreptitious flight than "Joyce" could plead when she left her father's house at Richmond.

Miracle Gold. By Richard Dowling. Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—In this clever, ingenious, and amusing romance of an impostor alchemist, lodging over a baker's shop in Chelsea, the author of several preceding novels displays much skill in narrative, while he indulges a wild extravagance of fantastic conception seldom exceeded by English writers. The pretended inventor and manufacturer of gold, Oscar Leigh, is an ugly crippled dwarf, the affectionate son of a paralytic widowed mother living on the Sussex coast; he is a practical mechanist, as well as a student of chemistry, and has been labouring seven years, quite alone, in constructing a large clock, with the most complicated movements, that will tell not only the hours and minutes of the day, but everything of time, past, present, and future, all over the world. He boasts openly of this wondrous work, always talking of it in the bar of the Hanover public-house, on the opposite side of the street, where men are wont to drink ale, shandy-gaff, and rum hot, and to smoke and stare at their mysterious neighbour, believing in Mr. Leigh's unbounded knowledge and power. In the drawing-room of a lady of fashion in Curzon-street, Mayfair, to which he is introduced, this queer little monster, with his mighty intellect and commanding self-will, promises still greater marvels; he will adorn his great clock with hundreds of golden figures of the famous persons of history and mythology, to come forth on their birthdays indicated by a dial of the yearly calendar; for he has discovered, not the fabled philosopher's-stone, but the chemical process of making the most precious metal. All this parade of scientific and practical thaumaturgy, half of which is sheer lying, but which deceives many ignorant and credulous people, serves partly to console his intense egotism with a grain of social respect, in spite of his bodily infirmity and deformity; but partly to cover an extraordinary scheme by which he intends to win great riches. He has formed, with Mr. Timmons, a marine-store dealer who receives stolen goods, and with a burglar, pickpocket, and general thief named Tom Stamer, in the slums of Southwark, a commercial conspiracy for the sale of gold to be obtained by plunder. How or why he should expect to get a better price, or even a readier and safer market, for the real gold, by passing it off as "miracle gold," of which he professedly can make as much as he likes, we certainly do not understand; or how the supply is to be kept up for immense dealings in that limited commodity. But such is the singular design of Mr. Oscar Leigh; yet even his strange and secret ways are less wonderful than the peculiarities of some other persons in this story. Two beautiful young ladies, Dora Ashton and Edith Grace, of no kindred to each other, and who never meet, are so precisely alike in face and figure, though differing in mind and character and in voice, that a man in love with Miss Grace will mistake Miss Ashton for her, and another man, betrothed to Miss Ashton, will find himself in love with Miss Grace. The one man is the ugly misanthropic dwarf, from whom Miss

Grace, when engaged to live with his mother as hired lady companion, had run away in terror; the other man is Mr. John Hanbury, a fine young gentleman with £2000 a year, a candidate for political honours, the only son of a sweet old lady, a widow, having a large fortune, residing in Chester-square. The circumstances under which Oscar Leigh becomes acquainted with Mr. Hanbury and with the Ashtons are not extremely improbable, taking into account Miss Ashton's whim of persuading her lover to show her some out-of-the-way parts of London. Indeed, few novelists of this day excel Mr. Dowling in the apt invention and graphic description of particular incidents, easily leading to the situations that he chooses to produce. Their stopping to see the terrific street performance of the negro tumbler, his accidental hurt or death, the fainting at sight of his blood, Oscar Leigh's proffered aid, then Mr. Hanbury being sent back to inquire, and Leigh insisting on an introduction to Miss Ashton, whose mother is accustomed to receive all sorts of clever odd people at her Thursday afternoon tea-parties, cannot be rejected as impossible fancies. It is in the larger outlines of the story, and especially in the sudden changes of the relations between its principal characters, all within three or four days, by the effect of unexpected discoveries, that the author transgresses the bounds of common-sense. On the one hand, Oscar Leigh, the grotesque, morose, bitter-hearted, cunning Quasimodo of this modern "Hunchback of Notre Dame," transfers his hopeless admiration from Edith Grace to Dora Ashton, but dares not avow it beyond intimating that her figure will be modelled for that of Pallas Athena among the golden images of his clock. John Hanbury, on the other hand, being taken to see Miss Grace at her good old grandmother's poor lodging, soon finds, after a quarrel with Miss Ashton, who dismisses him rather promptly, that Edith is the true object of his love. But he has, at the same time, to be informed by reading an old letter of his father's, written and sealed up for him when he was a child, that he is not simply an English private gentleman of good parentage and independent fortune, but is also the lineal descendant of a King. To be sure, it would be a proof of vanity and folly in an English gentleman of our times, if he were much elated by finding that he could trace his lineage back to Stanislaus Poniatowski—elected King of Poland by favour of Catherine of Russia, an insignificant Monarch created to acquiesce in the overthrow of his kingdom! John Hanbury and Edith Grace, however, discovering themselves both of this illustrious descent, and of remote kin to each other—for Kate Grace, of Castleton in Derbyshire, married, in George II.'s reign, a foreign nobleman who was the said Poniatowski—this seems a great addition to their happiness. Very happy do they appear, as a wedded pair, in the final scene of their curious story; but the end of the poor wicked dwarf is a pathetic tragedy. After being shot at, and supposed to be killed, while sitting at his window and winding up his clock—but he was not there, having put a mechanical effigy in his place—he comes back to frighten his would-be murderer, Tom Stamer, the burglar; repents, and renounces his fraudulent dealings in "Miracle Gold"; is reduced to despair by a fire at the baker's destroying his marvellous clock; and dies in peace with all mankind, so gently, if not piously, that we almost feel sorry for him. The accomplices of his intended crime are left to the mercies of the law, or to the pursuit of a well-informed police. Mr. Dowling's readers will not complain of scanty entertainment. This brisk and lively novel, with its quick succession of striking incidents, is agreeable reading; but its main conception is highly absurd.

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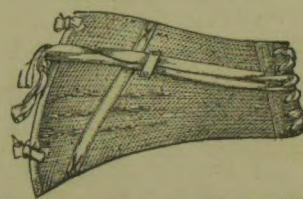
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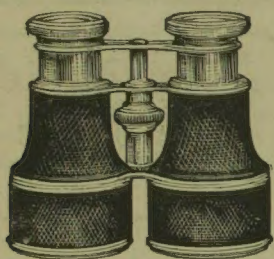
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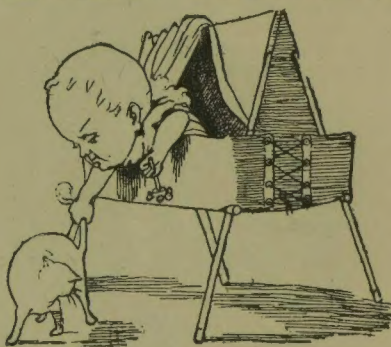
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